A Quarterly of New Literature

ACCENT

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A New Reading of Joyce's Dubliners

JACK JONES:
The Mugging

E. E. CUMMINGS:
Poem

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Miss Young and the Ages

MARGUERITE YOUNG
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HOWARD MOSS
OSCAR WILLIAMS
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD
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WINTER, 1944

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NOTE: The absence of a book review section in this issue does not indicate a change in policy for ACCENT, but was made necessary by the bulk of other critical prose. Forthcoming issues will contain reviews by Arthur Mizener, Henry Miller, Allen Tate, Prudencio de Pereda, W. R. Moses, F. O. Matthiessen and others.

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ACCENT

A QUARTERLY OF NEW LITERATURE

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KATHARINE SHATTUCK:

Miss Young and the Ages

She was thirty years old and lived alone in a rented room in the Middlewestern town. She was tall and wore glasses and had taught school for eight years in the West. She was not lonely and did not know that her fellow students held her in contempt. To her the professors were the most beautiful men she had ever known, and she wrote *A* papers for them with diligence and devotion. Her letters home to her mother were filled with what they had said in class.

By the end of November she had unbraided her blonde hair and piled it on top of her head so that curls showed in her neck, and she felt wicked, although she had not yet spoken to anyone and she still ate alone in one of the many cheap restaurants in the town.

In January she fell in love with Mr. Johnson, a bachelor and Assistant Professor in the Department of English. His pink cheeks, his thinning hair, his way of emphasizing his statements by jerking his head forward as if about to lay it on a platter—everything about him she remarked and loved: his cleanliness, his blue eyes batting behind glasses, his tweedy clothes, his way of bowing when he met her in the street, even his feet, which were flat and pointed outward when he walked.

In March she stopped him on the street and said, without any breathlessness, without the slightest tremor of the voice, "I haven't been able to find the article by Thwaites you asked us to read."

He bowed three times, laying his head each time a little lower, and he said, "You will find the article in the magazine room of the reserve library, Miss Young."

When he finished speaking he bowed again with the utmost geniality, it seemed to her, his head jerking forward and forward as he smiled and blinked. And so they passed each other, each continuing on his way.

Her neck was round, not full enough to be goitrous; her chin slightly double. When she walked in her flat shoes, she ate the sidewalk with her stride. Her skirts were fine checked woolens, and she wore mannish shirts.

In April she stopped wearing her glasses except in the library. The effect was startling, but because she was near-sighted she could not know this. In the spring rains her hair curled. She stopped in Mr. Johnson's office—a book in her hand, translations from the Celtic.

"I would like to write my paper on the Celtic love poem," she said.

The room was in the basement. Trees outside were standing in green. The red rug on the floor was worn flat. The design might have been painted on the floor, so flat, worn, and conventional had it become. He bowed behind his desk, his hands spread over the papers which covered it. Nodding his head, he came forward around the desk, smiling, his eyeglasses reflecting the room.

"Yes, yes, why yes, Miss Young. If you will tell me a little more concerning your intention in the paper?"

Others were in the room. Men and women students sat in black chairs lining the walls. Pictures of medieval saints hung above the book shelves. Like a metronome his head nodded. His shirt collar was stiff and white, his eyes blue, his cheeks pink. His forehead shone into the receding hair.

A fellow professor, a small dark man like a Portuguese, who shared the office with Mr. Johnson, was speaking with a student—his hands clasped in front of him, his head raised. His large, dark, and expressive eyes rolled. The student, obviously nervous, was a young woman in a fur coat. Lipstick marked her large white front teeth.

In duet the voices of the professors were raised against their students.

"It is true, is it not? We will have to grant *A*, that it is true—"

"The Celtic love poem— "

In the mist outside, the trees already green stood in the green grass. A robin breast bulged against the graying afternoon. Drops of water fell into pools on the sidewalks.

Miss Young looked at Mr. Johnson. She said, "I shall compare it with the Provencal—"

"Ah! Now we are getting somewhere, now we are arriving."

"And *B*, I think you will agree with me," said the dark little man, jerking his collar, arching his neck, "*B*—"

Mr. Johnson gave her four books from his library that would be of some use he thought. She stood before him holding them in her arms. Drops of water shone on her face, in her hair. She had no umbrella, she wore no hat.

"You will find that Thwaites has already drawn some interesting conclusions on inter-relations, or on the possibility of inter-relations," he said, nodding at her from the waist in dismissal.

The next person in line, a Jew from Brooklyn, jumped up.

Miss Young dropped two of her books on the floor.

"Let me," said the professor who looked like a Portuguese, jumping forward, for the first time looking into the room.

Mr. Johnson leaned to pick up the books. Miss Young knelt. The little dark professor leaned, and all three knocked at each other.

"I beg your pardon," they said in cultivated voices, and the boy from Brooklyn picked up the books, looking boldly at Miss Young as he returned them.

"Here are your books," he said.

In May she stopped wearing flat heels. She walked under the trees, carrying her volumes of verse. Students lay on the bank above the river, talking in still voices. A young woman in a wind, her blonde hair flowing behind her, walked with a dark young man who talked with his hands, gesticulating.

"But yes, but yes," he shouted. "You stand and look. But you don't see nottings. Look at that. Look over there. You know? You see? What do you see?" he shouted.

Miss Young, for it was she, gazed over the lawn. Because she was near-sighted she did not see the students, men and women, kissing each other. And the young man strode on up the hill—tall and very dark and steamingly handsome. His name was Hymen.

In July Miss Young came again to Mr. Johnson's office.

Summer heat had begun, streaming out of the ground to meet the sun. As if with lust the grass and green sprang. The trees in black shadow quivered in the heat. The smells were of heat, of growing. Men and women students half-stripped lay on the bank of the river baking their bodies brown, and in the night they lay on blankets by the river in love, heat quivering above them still.

In a white backless dress Miss Young stood in Mr. Johnson's office. Her brown arms hung at her sides. Tall and full she stood in the dark room. Her hair hung long on her shoulders. Her eyes like ice were green and cold in her brown face.

Mr. Johnson came from behind his desk, bowing.

"Miss Young," he said.

The Portuguese was speaking to a row of students. One of them was a nun and one a priest and one a hunchback.

"There are worshipers of Zeus today. In the late Nineteenth Century there was— " He put his finger on his lips in gesture of contemplation, then shrugged. "The name eludes me—no matter—this worthy gentleman of the late last century offered sacrifice to Zeus in his chambers each morning."

"Bullocks," murmured the priest, who looked like a travelling salesman.

The hunchback laughed.

Miss Young said, "Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes." his glasses trembled.

"I am changing the subject of my paper."

Her full blonde face with its ice-cold eyes floated in the dark of the office. Like foam her dress crested the shadows. Behind her were calf-covered books. The saints looked down in lines from the walls as she rose out of the sea, dripping in shadows behind her. Angels with wings erect in gold and red choired at the ceiling, and she, Miss Young, like Diana, like Venus, and like Eve stood in the cramped basement before Mr. Johnson, who was removing his eyeglasses, polishing them with his white handkerchief. They had steamed over momentarily and he had been unable to see.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, offering her one of the black chairs against the book cases.

The dark little professor walked up and down before his row of students, chin sunk in hand as if in sorrow. The nun made notes in a black notebook. The priest, hand extended on the back of a vacant chair, gazed out of the window at the green lust rising out of the grass. His face shone pink as if with soap and brush.

Miss Young did not sit down.

In the third chair from the desk sat Hymen Schwarzkopf, his legs reaching half across the room. He was reading the *New Yorker,* choking half snorts, half laughs, his secret, brooding, insolent face drowned in the shadows of the room, receding between his shoulders as he half lay, half sat in the chair. He looked neither at Mr. Johnson nor at Miss Young.

"Your paper— " Mr. Johnson began.

She braced against the darkness of the room. The windows were dusty, casting a film over the outdoors, where they were not opened. On the wall behind the little Portuguese hung a red and faded fabric. He was standing before it, hand pressed against his forehead—in physical pain, mental anguish.

His students rustled through notebooks, except the priest, who still blandly and with pleasure gazed through the window.

The hunchback stood up, waddled to the corner by the door, removed his hat from the hatrack, and, pointing his back into the room like an accusing and admonishing hand, disappeared. The uneven echo of his footsteps sounded down the long distance of the hall.

Miss Young said, "I shall write on sex and Chivalry."

Her face was lifted up in light.

Hymen Schwarzkopf yawned. He drew his legs up, so that he jack-knifed erect and stood with feet spread apart, easily, as if to steady himself in a storm. The collar of his shirt was unfastened in the heat, showing the dark fur on his chest. He had not shaved for some time. His white forehead above his dark face was bland and broad under his rumpled hair.

"So long, professor," he said. "I can't wait forever." And he swung out of the room, turning at the door to lift his hand and smile ambiguously.

The nun closed her notebook. She stood up, folded her veils around her and glided soundlessly away. Covering her departure was the ring

of Hymen Schwarzkopf's heels on the tiled floor of the corridor.

The priest looked suddenly into the silent room. With decorum he stood up, adjusted his coat, pulled his sleeves, with precision almost military marched from the room, leaving the little professor, eyes covered with his hand, standing before the red square of material. He shuddered free from his reverie, lowered his hand, said, "Oh—oh—oh yes," absently at his departed class, and quickly and with short steps left the room.

Miss Young looked at Mr. Johnson.

His head was domed like an egg and pink and shining. He was wearing white for Eastertide. He bowed to her in the empty room, his face growing pinker and pinker.

"It is a ——— large subject, Miss Young," he said at last.

"I shall use the Celtic love poem as my point of departure," she said. "I thought —"

But what she thought she did not say. She turned from Mr. Johnson slowly and forever out of the shadowy and dusty room into the bright white of the corridor, which extended like a subway toilet far far into the distance. But this she could not see because she was near-sighted.

HARVEY BUCHANAN:

And do you die soldier, do you die?

My war I fight each hour with my mind
Soft among warriors' lips with the sky
Quite tight like the big top. I will not lie
Beneath your knees, my eyes searching and blind
Again, I will not hate the gaudy day
That comes with every ripping morning sun
With every O quick knife and hoofed fun
Down through ten thousand hairs dry with decay.

And if I walk with the clowns and the dead
Beating my drum boom before a closed door
Or crawl about a whirling fun-house floor

I think of you stinking in your soft bed
Your bride, your pride, the lovely girlie wed
Now tight behind your staggering bugle corps.

DENIS DEVLIN:

Encounter

"Our saints are poets, Milton and Blake,
Who would rib men with pride against the spite
Of God," the Englishman said, and in the silence
Hatred sparkled along our bones. He said:
"Celt, your saints adorn the poor with roses
And praise God for standing still."

Between the two of us, Francois from Touraine,
Where women and the wheat ripen and fall due
Suavely at evening, smiled, teasing the breadcrumbs:
He whispered: "Patience, listen to the world's
Growth, rustling in fire and childlike water!"

And I: "Milton and Marvell, like the toady, Horace,
Praised and polished the powerful for the good
They happened on with bible and sword; the wretched
Hold out their begging-bowls at the wooden gates,
Too poor to weep, even with the tears
That you and I have wept for them."

Boxflower scent. Fumes of burgundy.
Nagging children at the tables
At a dream's remove from their fathers smoking,
Along the boulevard laid with yellow evening.

Jansenist Journey

Then we'll go through with the journey," said
My brother and myself," and bring
With us our black-faced scapegoat, Guilt."

We bested the last lingering hill
Of life; and got donkeys to ride
For it would be long going through the wood.

I was to loose our goat of guilt
At a shameful bypath on the way;
But the brightness turned him innocent:

The donkeys' patience through the thorns,
The gay old nurses, the green inns:
He bucked the wild flowers with flashing horns:

These freshets garlic to his taste;
But I put no trust in him, no trust.
At last we reached the Gospel gates,

Aching and dirty. We were robed;
Mother and sisters like light through glass,
With stopped lightning stood in the arch.

They washed our heads, hands and feet,
In the same low voice they laughed and sobbed,
The mother gave us a diamond each,

Casketed, shut with a miser's clasp.
I said to my brother, "The pure diamond
Is locked inside, safe and fast."

"Yes?" he said, putting his down
Indifferently. I opened mine:
Nothing but a ball of gold. Sundown,

We entered cloisters with a priest,
Sat on the stone wall listening
To his plans for our retreat,

Black-faced forgotten, the diamond too,
And the mother and sisters. No rapture:
The plain virtue of the chosen few.

Annapolis

"No, we can't get a license for liquor, being too near the
church,"
Said the waiter. The church looked friends enough
On its humble, grassy hillock. So I said, "Excuse me,
I must have a drink." And I rambled on down West Street.
On my right, at the Raw Bar, a truckdriver drinking milk
And a Norwegian second-mate glared at their faces
In the mirror. We floated on heat
Like paper-boats boys prod in the bathroom.

The white-linen cadets walked with girls who had family,
It was the feast-day of the Republic and the girls
In long dresses made a drawing-room of the streets,
They were like sweet-william and buttercups,
Like petunia and sweet-pea and silver moss,
The sparse maturity and haute couture
Going in slightly opposite directions.
As I said to the truckdriver, "They are children."
He flashed a sigh and said, "Indeed they are."

Imperceptibly darkness plucked its petals,
You hear the colored people's viola laughter
And starlight one never looks up to
Blurs the woollen trees,
And the houses with no comment to make. A delicate drunk
Weaves his glass limbs together up the street.

The charm of the little capital,
Red-brick, with huge civic-spirited trees,
Is yet as intimate as if arteried with fern;
I hold my breath for the expected
According to the mechanics of fairyland.

Allow an alas! It is not Hans Andersen, the monuments
Of power impose as in any Riga. Cadets conduct
Camera-fans to the Governor's Residence,
To the Capitol and the Revolutionary General
Leading ghosts on his enthusiastic stone horse.

In the porches, loud-bellied citizens swat flies after dinner,
The band blows open the gates of the Academy,
Here a young girl walks to the dance
Her shoulders falling like a cadenza.

RICHARD LEVIN &
CHARLES SHATTUCK:

First Flight to Ithaca:

A New Reading of Joyce's Dubliners*

When James Joyce chose a title for his Adventures of Leopold Bloom, he took good care to cue us to the secret of his technique. He called it *Ulysses*. Thus, with one fine gesture—artist-like in economy, vaudevillian in strength, Odysseyan in wiliness—he gave notice that his book is somehow inspired by, to be understood through, to be remembered with the Homeric *Odyssey*.

The cue was needed: in the vast, at-first-sight-seeming chaos of *Ulysses* there is nothing of direct reference to Homer, and there is such rich loading of reference of other kinds, literary and philosophical, that if Joyce had not announced his intention through this and other means, it is unlikely that any reader would have discovered it. Unaided by the announcement, critical curiosity would find plenty of Blake, of Swift, of Jonson, of Goethe, of Dante, of Cervantes, of Shakespeare to satisfy the demand for "literary antecedents": who would think of Homer? Even today, after so much official exegesis and unofficial small talk have made the existence of the Homeric correspondence a schoolboy's commonplace, the naive reader who expects to get from Joyce an amiable exercise in Beerbohmish parody will lay the book by after a few pages, confused and disappointed.

As a matter of fact, the first reviewers of *Ulysses*, presumably skilled readers, were many of them mystified by the implications of the title, some of them shirking the responsibility of discussing it; some objecting that the parallels were too strained or that the exigencies of the method had damaged the book; some declaring that the whole structure of Homeric parallel was an irrelevance—that the main theme and substance of the book was no more or less than a pageant of contemporary life in Dublin and that a map of the city is a more useful guide to the reader than is Homer's *Odyssey*. In the course of time numerous essays were published which undertook to clarify the analogies, but it appears that Joyce was never satisfied that the world outside was mastering his book as he wrote it. At any rate, in 1930, he permitted and encouraged his friend Stuart Gilbert to publish what we may accept as the official interpretation: Gilbert's job was to show the world what it had missed, and among the items in his study the Homeric parallels bulk large.

* This study was initiated and the investigation pursued through nine of the stories by Mr. Levin. Before his induction to the Navy he submitted his theory and his findings to ACCENT. The investigation has been completed and the article put into its present form by Mr. Shattuck.

We may be sure that Joyce enjoyed the elaborate game he played with us, and quite probably his pleasure in deft clue-laying and light-footed concealment was even keener than his scorn for the plodding pursuers. The fun in this game for the principal player—whether the game be a vast work of art or a simple pun or children's hide-and-seek—lies first in his skill at hiding, next in the excitement of being found out. The hiding child, if you leave him there long enough, will finally show himself to you, probably with rather sharp remarks upon your unintelligence. So in 1930 Joyce-Gilbert finally told all that had not been guessed about *Ulysses*—and here and there, one may reasonably suspect, tossed in a joker, just to keep the game going.

The point is that the reading public which Joyce went out to meet was little skilled in symbolic recognition, and Joyce knew it. Without assistance—the title, Valéry Larbaud's introductory lecture, the years of floating gossip from the Joycean workroom—the public could not have perceived or understood the secret of the technique. Joyce knew this: he had learned the lesson of his readers' limitations the hard way.

In 1904 and 1905, a decade before he began to write *Ulysses,* he had finished a group of twelve stories (which had been several years in process of composition) called *Dubliners.* This book was submitted to a publisher in 1905, was augmented by two more stories in 1906 and a third in 1907, and was finally published, after a painful career of publishers' reneging, in 1914. Joyce once described it to his publisher as follows: "My intention was to write a chapter of the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis. I have tried to present it to the indifferent public under four of its aspects: childhood, adolescence, maturity and public life. The stories are arranged in this order." (Herbert Gorman: *James Joyce,* p. 150.) For three decades now *Dubliners,* though caviar to the discerning, has been for most readers merely one of Joyce's "easier" books, a pleasant readable minor effusion, a collection of discrete sketches. No one has publicly recognized, nor did Joyce ever reveal, that *Dubliners* has an architectural unity in a secret technique—that like *Ulysses,* only far more obviously and demonstrably, as is our purpose here to make plain, *Dubliners* is based upon Homer's *Odyssey.*

The major aspects of the case, as revealed in the detailed analyses below, are these. The first three stories, which Joyce informally labeled "childhood," are analogues of Homer's Books I through IV (and part of Book XV), the adventures of Telemachus. The next four stories, which Joyce apparently, though not quite properly, meant to label "adolescence," analogize Homer's Books V through VIII (and part of Book XIII), Odysseus' adventures at Ogygia and Phaeacia. The third group, also four in number, labeled "maturity," derives from the materials of Homer's Books IX through XII, Odysseus' recapitulation of his ten years of wandering. In this group, the analogizing process begins to break down: Book IX is not directly presented at all and Book XII only slightly (it should be

noted, however, that the main adventure of Book IX, the Cyclops-blinding, is the basis of a secondary recall in several of the stories, even as in Homer it is referred to again and again.) The fourth group, three in number, labeled "public life," begins to use the materials of the second half of the *Odyssey*, but falls short of exhausting the possibilities. This group originally concluded the book, and if, as Herbert Gorman suggests, Joyce once intended a second series of *Dubliners* (having set down titles and situations for other stories of Dublin life which he never wrote), we may guess that he thus expected to extend the process and match the later books of the *Odyssey* with fair completeness. The last and longest story, "The Dead," written probably in 1907, was perhaps intended partly as an artistic substitute for the second series never to be born: it is a faithful analogue of Odysseus' last and greatest adventures, his slaying of the wooers and his reunion with Penelope (Books XX through XXIII).

The reading we here propose need not be altogether surprising, for clues exist which might lead one to suspect that this was Joyce's method. Gorman records a number of manifestations of Joyce's life-long interest in the *Odyssey*, extending even to a schoolboy essay in praise of Ulysses as "My Favorite Hero" (Gorman, p. 45). Clues occur in his correspondence with his prospective publishers: in his insistence upon printing certain "objectionable" stories, or if they be omitted, upon stating in a preface that the "book in this form is incomplete"; in his insistence that the stories be printed in an exactly specified order—an order which, incidentally, does not always correspond to the ages of the central characters. In these insistences, which were urgent, we may read a sign that Joyce was operating under some structural compulsion more exacting than any he chose to reveal. More tantalizingly suggestive than any of these clues, however, is the remark Joyce once made to one of his language students: "When I wrote 'Dubliners,' " he said, "I was tempted to give it the title of 'Ulysses at Dublin' but I changed my mind." The temptation could hardly have been idle whim: the title would imply a pervasive Homeric reference in the book, and so scrupulous an artist as Joyce would never aim to impose such unity by the title alone; the Homeric unity must be there if the title was to be entertained.

Why Joyce decided not to call the book *Ulysses at Dublin*, why he never mentioned his concealed technique in the long years of correspondence with his publishers, why he always kept it so tight-lipped a secret, are questions that can be answered only conjecturally after intimate study of the book. Some probable factors in the decision are these. It will be noted that the original twelve stories gave coverage to little more than the first half of the *Odyssey*—hence Joyce may have been reluctant to call attention to a structure that was markedly incomplete. It is possible that Joyce undertook the analogizing process without any particular intention of recreating the *Odyssey* as an artistic whole, but simply using the old tales without respect to their order to help him write new ones, as a lame man uses a cane—hence even though the book grew into a unity

he was not content that its unity was perfect enough to be advertised. Again, it will be noted that in two of the stories of latest composition ("Two Gallants," "A Little Cloud") Joyce's technique appears to be developing in the direction of symbolic imagery—hence it may be that already he envisioned that richer exploitation of the material to be realized in *Ulysses,* and wished therefore to conceal his hand. Certainly this was true by the time *Dubliners* was actually published, for even then the first sketches of *Ulysses* were getting on paper.

Before presenting the detailed equations of *Dubliners* to the *Odyssey,* we must make certain explanations of method. First, be it remembered that *Dubliners,* like *Ulysses,* is no idle parody of the *Odyssey,* but a serious work of art with its own serious theme in "the moral history of my country"—a plum-skin that stands alone. Therefore it must not be expected that every detail in *Dubliners* derives from Homer, or that every Homeric detail is rendered by Joyce; it must be expected that the parallels will most often be recognized at some level of generalization.

In one's understanding how this "level of generalization" is to be found, Gilbert's book on *Ulysses* is helpful, for in it one can discover how Joyce's symbolizing mind worked at its maturest and learned of certain special indirections to look for. Gilbert points out, for instance, that Joyce tended to avoid action, that he frequently shifted Homer's vivid happening to past or future time or reduced it to mere wish or threat; that he translated action or character into dominant imagery or into specific objects; that he deliberately established ambiguity of parallels, letting one character represent two or three Homeric prototypes; that he tended to systematize nationalities according to a special plan, Ithacans being represented by Irishmen, non-Ithacans and gods by non-Irish. In pursuing this study, we have found some of these general principles of use. While recognizing that the Joyce of 1914 need not be the Joyce of a decade earlier, and while eschewing the Gilbertian method in its most recondite phases, we have thought it fair game to accept such principles where they seem obviously applicable. Needless to say, our reading does not depend upon these special indirections alone.

Perhaps one need not find parallels any more obvious or more numerous than those in *Ulysses* in order, with some degree of assurance, to claim the ground. Yet Gilbert's reading of Ulysses has the authority of Joyce's approval behind it, which we have not; and inevitably it will occur to the reader that "parallels could be set up between any two books of such scope as these." Hence we have found it necessary, at the expense of readability, to produce in many of the analyses rather bulky masses of detail. (Even so, incidentally, limitations of space have prevented exhaustive treatment, and the reader who cares to study the parallels independently will find room for the pleasures of original recognition.) To put it briefly, we find in *Dubliners* far more obvious and far greater concentration of Homeric references than in *Ulysses.*

For the reader subject to presumptive doubts that this reading can

possibly be true, two additional reasons may be offered for his suspending disbelief. He should note how many incidental details in *Dubliners* stories (including some of the titles), which otherwise seem to "come from nowhere" are accountable for as reflections of details in Homer. And he should note that the analogizing method is not sporadic or chaotic, but, as the stories are printed, regularly sequential and progressive: with the one or two minor exceptions noted in the analyses, the order of the stories (*the order Joyce insisted on*) follows the order of the Homeric tales they correspond to, and the whole collection covers, with limitable exceptions, the *Odyssey* from beginning to end. To the reader whose curiosity should prompt him to an independent investigation of any of the parallels we should recommend as especially easy to begin with any of the following: "Eveline," "After the Race," "Counterparts, " "Clay," "The Dead."

The headings of the analyses provide the book numbers of the *Odyssey* and page reference to the Butcher and Lang translation, Modern Library edition; and the episode numbers of relevant passages in *Ulysses*. Other books referred to in the analyses are Stuart Gilbert's *James Joyce's Ulysses* (N. Y., 1931) and Herbert Gorman's *James Joyce* (N. Y., 1939). The latter contains indispensable facts and documents relative to the writing and publication of *Dubliners*.

1. CHILDHOOD — TELEMACHIA

The first movement of *Dubliners*, three stories of childhood, is to be equated with Homer's Telemachia—the first four books and part of the fifteenth book of the *Odyssey*. The central figure of all three is a Telemachus-type, a fatherless boy. The hostile and repressive environment of Telemachus—the wooers—is represented in the boy's guardians, playmates, and teachers. Telemachus' motivations—the desire for father, happiness, and beauty—are the boy's motivations. Homeric action is adumbrated in its general pattern: one should observe that in the first story the boy does little but brood over the lost father and listen to others' talk about him, that in the following stories he goes on two quests—just as Telemachus in Book I but passively attends the council of the wooers, and in the following books makes trips to Pylos and to Sparta. Within this general framework many details of action are reproduced, sometimes sequentially, but it should be recognized that on the whole the analogizing process operates here more thematically and less exactly than in the eight stories which make up the second and third movements.

The fictional device of representing the boy as an orphan is significant of Joyce's method. The affinity of these stories to the early sections of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is obvious, and it is difficult not to identify this nameless boy with the Stephen Daedalus of *A Portrait*, and hence with Joyce himself. We may suspect, even, that these stories were originally a part of the vast body of *Stephen Hero* out of which *A Portrait* derived, and were taken over and adapted in 1904 or 1905 to fill out the

structure of *Dubliners*. However that may be, the point is that Joyce lived with his real parents in his childhood and so represents himself in Daedalus, and that his device here of placing the boy in the home of guardians is an artful means of approximating the situation of Telemachus.

1. THE SISTERS: Telemachus at Ithaca.
Odyssey, I.
Ulysses, I, "Telemachus."

The boy of Joyce's story, like Homer's Telemachus, is a fatherless youth, living in a house ruled by strangers (his aunt and uncle), longing for his father (his father transubstantial, Father Flynn), and unwilling to believe that his father is dead. In the first action of the story, the boy takes food in the presence of an enemy, Mr. Cotter, just as Telemachus is first shown at a feast of the wooers. Mr. Cotter, like the wooers in general and Antinous in particular, is an habitual visitor in the house, is used to taking food there, has very bad manners ("spat rudely into the grate"), is spitefully disrespectful to the boy, and not only asserts that Father Flynn is dead but reflects hostilely upon his character and influence. The boy, like Telemachus, hates Cotter ("Tiresome old fool!"), keeps as far from him as possible, knows he is being watched by him, broods in silence, and restrains his anger with difficulty.

In the second and third actions, the boy is visited by visions of Father Flynn, first in a nightmare, next in vivid daydreams as he wanders the streets the following morning; Telemachus was vividly assured of the living reality of Odysseus through supernal apparition—the visitation of Pallas Athene.

The final action, in which the boy and his aunt visit the dead man's house and talk with his sisters, has no Homeric model as a whole, but contains many details of present interest. Thus, the dead man is survived by two females who who have kept his house for him and now mourn for him: Eliza resembles Penelope in her dignity and command and tearfulness; and Nanny, subservient to Eliza and all "wore out" with menial tasks, suggests Eurycleia. The boy's visit to the dead-room, which is upstairs and is lighted by two candles, and to which he is escorted by Nanny, is reminiscent of Telemachus' ascent to his bed-chamber, led by Eurycleia bearing torches.

The main interest in this last section is the talk about Father Flynn and the ingenious reading Joyce here delivers of the Odysseus-role. Odysseus is, of course, languishing in exile because of the crime he has committed upon the body of the son of a god—putting out the eye of Poseidon's son, Polyphemus; his exile will soon be ended, for Zeus is well-disposed towards him and Poseidon is absent from the Olympic council, but for many years he has suffered woes, wandering the deep, and now, as the prisoner of Calypso, he alternates between a longing for home and a desire to die. Father Flynn's crime against the son of god was the breaking of a sacrificial chalice. His exile was, first, mental ("he began to mope by himself, talking to no one and wandering about by himself"); second, spiritual (as a simoniac and as a mental case he has had to retire from active priesthood). "His life was. . .crossed." His longing for home is doubly expressed in his desire for the state of grace and (a typically playful detail) in his desire to "go out for a drive one fine day just to see the old house again where we were all born down in Irishtown." He knew he was about to die and "was quite resigned."

Like Odysseus, too, he was a travelled man, and was eager to impart the fruits of his experience to his "son." Something of Odysseus' wiliness is suggested in his pastime of "putting difficult questions" to the boy. He is remembered by the

boy in connection with a physical object, his snuff-box, as Odysseus is typically recalled with a spear.

The main theme of the story—the boy's father-hunger and his Telemachan hope that the father is not dead—is marked everywhere. He passes the priest's house nightly to reassure himself, he refuses to acknowledge Cotter's announcement of the death, he extends the priest's life by the vividness of his dream, he fancies the dead man smiling in his coffin, his final image is of the priest "wide-awake and laughing-like to himself."

2. AN ENCOUNTER: Telemachus at Pylos.
Odyssey, II, III.
Ulysses, II, "Nestor."

The unhappy youth, repressed and frustrated by his daily surroundings, goes on a journey with a companion to find his happiness elsewhere; is disappointed. The story opens with a summary account of the boy's relations with his playmates in Wild West games, mirroring the situation of Telemachus among the wooers. The boy does not like the games because Joe Dillon (Antinous) "played too fiercely for us who were younger and more timid," and always won; yet he is forced to participate, being, like Telemachus, admittedly weak and fearful. In the first action, a school scene, the boy is shamed by his teacher for his addiction to penny-dreadfuls, and this weakens his realization that real adventures are not to be found in fiction or in play but "must be sought abroad": he determines to run away. This action corresponds to the formal council of Homer's second book, in which Telemachus and his few loyal supporters are accused of folly and double-dealing by the tyrannical wooers. Father Butler's speech to Leo Dillon closely resembles Eurymachus' to Halitherses. Halitherses' deed was the interpreting of a marvellous omen; Leo is caught with a copy of "The Halfpenny Marvel." Eurymachus accuses Halitherses of prating idly in order to get a gift from Telemachus, and threatens him with violence; Father Butler denounces Leo's book as "rubbish," supposes the author of it "writes these things for a drink," and threatens Leo with violence if he doesn't get at his work. It may be noted that the first sentence of the history lesson, "Hardly had the day dawned," is a Homeric tag.

The preparation for the trip involves several Homeric echoes. Telemachus had two friends, Mentor and Halitherses, who, as Leocritus suggested, might go with him, but only Mentor (really Athene) went; the boy planned his trip with Mahony and Leo Dillon, but only Mahony went. The boy collects sixpences as Telemachus collects provisions. The fear of being caught by Father Butler parallels Eurycleia's fear that Telemachus will be harmed by the wooers. Telemachus' trip is by sea; the boy's takes him to the waterfront where he ambles along the quays studying sailors and ships, and he crosses the Liffey by ferry.

Both journeys end in wide open fields giving onto the water (the sea-shore at Pylos; the field at Ringsend along the Dodder), where the hero is engaged in embarrassing and somehow disappointing conversation with an old man: Nestor, whom Telemachus is afraid to speak to, is garrulous enough about the scandalous affairs of the house of Atreus, but knows nothing of Odysseus; the gray moustached stranger frightens and revolts the boy by his perverted talk and behavior. The stranger's unaccountable shift from amiability to severity perhaps reflects Athene's abrupt transformation from Mentor to an eagle.

The Telemachan lost-father motiff is not explicit here as in "The Sisters," yet it is subtly suggested in the boy's confused feelings of attraction to and revulsion from the elderly stranger.

3. ARABY: Telemachus at Sparta.

Odyssey, III (43-4), IV, XV (226-231).
Ulysses, III, "Proteus."

This story takes the boy on another quest for happiness which ends ashily. Since the point of departure is again the fatherless home, the motifs of repression and father-hunger are repeated. The house had once been occupied by a priest now dead (the father-image of "The Sisters"). The boy's trip is hindered, though not prevented, by the perversity of his uncle; the boy again, as in "An Encounter," suffers dangers of the playground ("we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages"), and, because of his preoccupation with plans for the trip, danger of discipline at school.

Structurally Telemachus' Spartan expedition is only an extension of his search for his father, but its essence is romance of another kind: Homer introduces us to the living presence of Menelaus' Helen, and there renews the old irony that woman's beauty is dust and illusion. Menelaus' story of Helen's treacherous attempt to reveal the Argives hidden in the wooden horse—delivered as a rebuke to Helen when she over-protests her joy in the Greek victory—is not lost upon Telemachus, who changes the subject of discourse, nor upon Joyce, who informs his story with this theme of disillusionment in beauty.

Helen is represented first by Mangan's sister, whom the boy has never exchanged words with but devoutly worships, just as Telemachus addresses Helen but once, and then to promise her "worship, even as to a god." A few physical details confirm the identity, but the idealization and the intensity are the main thing ("her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood"). When at last one day the ice is broken and she asks if he is going to "Araby," a bazaar in a distant part of town, and he promises her that if he does go he will bring her a gift, from this moment the symbolic equation shifts, and "Araby" itself becomes the ideal. The Homeric action proceeds to a typically Joycean frustration. After painful delays and hindrances the trip begins. It is accomplished by train, as Telemachus' trip to Sparta was by chariot, with one stop on the way. Like Telemachus the boy arrives at his destination late in the evening, is allowed entrance by a wearily indifferent doorkeeper, finds himself in a brilliantly decorated hall. The main events of the day's festivities are over, however: most of the patrons of "Araby," like the guests at Menelaus' daughter's wedding, have departed. Telemachus finds one minstrel still performing; the boy notices a deserted booth labelled Café Chantant. Telemachus can get no certain news of his father; the boy cannot buy a gift. Telemachus is wryly reminded of Helen's falseness; the boy finds the bazaar a delusion and vanity. The bitterness of the discovery and its symbolic value is intensified by the salesmen's jocularly accusing one of the saleswomen of falsehood.

This story, like its original, is heavy-laden with oriental imagery. The tales of Troy-town and of Egypt, the luxurious furnishings of Menelaus' house, the drugged wine—all these are remembered by Joyce in the bazaar labeled "Araby," in the uncle's song "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed," in the "great jars that stood like eastern guards," and other such phrases.

II. ADOLESCENCE — ODYSSEUS' JOURNEY HOME

It is difficult to understand exactly where Joyce meant to use the label "adolescence." Possibly he intended it to stand with "childhood" as a double label for the first group of stories. Possibly he would have applied it here to distinguish this group of characters who, though tech-

nically they are mostly beyond the age of adolescence (the women, where age is stated, are nineteen; the men range from twenty-six to thirty-four), are always referred to as "young," and who are all approaching, but yet on the innocent side of, matrimony.

This movement follows the adventures of Odysseus from Ogygia through Phaeacia (Books V to XIII), scrupulously omitting all the contents of his recapitulation (Books IX to XII), which will furnish the contents of the third movement. The final story of the third movement, "A Painful Case," it should be noted, will sound a last variation on the theme of Odysseus in Phaeacia. In all stories of this group except "The Boarding House," which is modelled on a Homeric digression (and even here indirectly), Odysseus is represented. He is shown, as in the original, as a man of the world, free of family ties, looking forward to a return home, and dominant in his relations with women.

In this movement and in the next, the analogies are especially evident and easy to follow. The large number of parallel details and the faithful ordering of them are both signs that Joyce was here using the *Odyssey* as a primary guide and inspiration.

4. EVELINE: Odysseus at Ogygia.
Odyssey, V (73-9).
Ulysses, IV, "Calypso."

Homer's tale of Odysseus and Calypso is here rendered from Calypso's point of view. Later, in "A Painful Case," Joyce will treat the story again, with Odysseus at center.

The equations of the few characters are obvious. Calypso, the woman who loves a sailor and who allows him to return without her to his home in a city far across the sea, becomes Eveline Hill. Odysseus, the sailor, is Frank. Zeus, who forbids Calypso to keep Odysseus, is Eveline's father. Calypso's sister-goddesses, who suffered like meddling from the tyrant-god, are Eveline's brothers and sometime playmates who used to fear her father's blackthorn stick.

The settings are similar. Both women dwell on islands (Ireland, Ogygia), and the homes of both lovers are in far-off cities (Ithaca, Buenos Aires) to which they wish to return. The women's houses, at which the deliberative portion of both stories occurs, resemble each other in many details: both are dark; both have interesting odors—the "odour of dusty cretonne" which Eveline breathes, Calypso's fragrance of burning cedar and sandalwood and of flowering trees; both have music about them—street organs, singing nymphs (incidentally, both sailor-lovers are fond of music); both are carefully tended by their mistresses. The brief active portion of both stories—the parting—occurs at the sea's edge, with the lover's vessel moving out to sea.

Eveline is drawn to Frank, as Calypso to Odysseus, because he is a traveller, a man-of-the-world, and can entertain her with tales of his adventures (tales, for instance of the "terrible Patagonians"—a curiously Homeric phrase); and because of his personal ease and strength, he being like Odysseus "kind, manly, openhearted"—"his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze."

Both women very much desire the marriage (Eveline "would be married . . . people would treat her with respect then"; Calypso is ever "longing to have him as her lord"); and they forgo marriage for like reasons. Both are forbidden by the

father (Eveline's father "found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him"; Zeus ordered Calypso to "send him hence with what speed thou mayest"). The father's ostensible reason is the lover's unworthiness (Eveline's father says, "I know these sailor chaps"; Zeus "grudges goddesses openly to mate with men") but the immediate reason is more immediate and personal (Eveline's father has a quarrel with Frank; Zeus acts because of Athene's plea). Both women rebel against the order (Eveline continues to "meet her lover secretly . . . she had a right to happiness"; Calypso complains that "hard are ye gods and jealous exceeding"). But both submit, for three reasons: first, out of fear of the father (Eveline "felt herself in danger of her father's violence"; Calypso is warned that Zeus would "be angered and bear hard on" her); second, because of an oath to the dead (Eveline has promised her dying mother to keep the home together; Calypso swears by the "falling water of the Styx, the greatest oath and the most terrible" not to hinder Odysseus' leaving); third, because of their own domesticity and timidity (Eveline, who characteristically is dusting furniture, does not find her homelife "wholly undesirable," and she fears drowning at sea; Calypso, who characteristically "fared to and fro before the loom, and wove," urges Odysseus to "abide with me and keep this house," and warns him of the perils of his voyage).

Once the decision is made to let the lover sail alone, the women accept their lot submissively. Calypso actually assists Odysseus to build and stock his raft and cheerfully speeds his departure. Eveline's resignation is pathetically incomplete, but in the last instant she watches Frank go without "sign of love or farewell or recognition."

It is possible that Joyce intended here a cross-reference to the Cyclops-blinding, for Frank's situation is that of a man who has incurred the wrath of a parent for the harm he has done to the parent's child. If this be true, the curious nickname which Frank gives Eveline, Poppens, would be explicable as a recall of Polyphemus. (See "The Boarding House," below.) It may be worth remembering that Joyce's sister's name was Poppie, though that would hardly account for the use of the name here.

6. TWO GALLANTS: Odysseus in Phaeacia, Nausicaa. *Odyssey,* VI, VII, VIII (122), XIII (195-97). *Ulysses,* XIII, "Nausicaa."

This story and "After the Race" are printed in reverse order of their Homeric antecedents—the only violation of Homeric order in the book. The reason for the inversion probably lies in the relative ages of their respective Odysseuses, Jimmy Doyle of "After the Race" being the younger. For convenience we follow the Homeric order here.

"Two Gallants" is an ironic reading of Odysseus' friendship with Alcinous, his "romance" with Nausicaa, and his departure from Phaeacia. This was one of the last of the stories to be written, and its technique of allusion is more than usually free, rich, and witty. The heightened style is evident in the gaily mock-heroic translation of characters. Odysseus is given to us as the active gallant, Corley, a burly fellow with oily hair (Odysseus' heroic strength, his frequent anointing himself after bathing—compare Bloom's hair-oil in *Ulysses*), who constantly talks about himself and his amours (Odysseus' epic recapitulation of his adventures, including the amorous), who is at present "about town" (Odysseus' role as wanderer), who is often seen walking with policemen in plain clothes and knows the inner side of all affairs (Odysseus' intimate acquaintance with Athene, who often appears in human guise, and who keeps him informed). Nausicaa becomes Corley's slavey: Nausicaa is the daughter of a sailor king—the slavey wears blue and white (sailor colors) and a "white sailor hat"; Nausicaa is beautiful—the slavey is

coarse-featured but sexually attractive; Nausicaa is eager for marriage and half in love with Odysseus—the slavey is "a bit gone on" Corley and uses all her little tricks on him; Nausicaa gives Odysseus garments and guides him to her father's house where he will be honored with princely gifts—the slavey gives Corley smokes and tramfare to their rendezvous, and guides him to her employer's house where she gives him a gold coin which she either takes from her savings or steals from her employer. Alcinous is the leechgallant Lenehan. Joyce has relieved him of the responsibility of fatherhood, but endowed him with the rest of Alcinous' qualities. The sailor-motif is expressed in his yachting cap, his water-proof, his white rubber shoes, and the "waves" of expression that pass over his face; like Alcinous he is interested in sports, especially racing; his appetite for food, drink, and company is insatiable; he is a collector of anecdotes; he responds actively to music, shuffling his feet and drumming with his fingers; and he spends much time listening to Corley's talk, as Alcinous with Odysseus, flattering him and leading him on with questions. One curious background figure is worth noting: the Homeric blind harpist Demodocus is represented by a weary-eyed street-harpist (compare the temperance song in *Ulysses*).

Many details of action ring the changes of Homer's. Odysseus first meets Nausicaa near a temple of the sea-god—Corley first met his tart under Waterhouse's clock (compare Bloom, Gerty, and the Abbey of Howth: Joyce telescoped the geography of Phaeacia). Odysseus sallies toward Nausicaa like a lion, speaks to her straightway, asks for succour—Corley saunters toward the slavey like a conqueror, begins talking at once, his purpose being to get, among other favors, money for food. Odysseus conceals his name from Nausicaa ("Odysseus of many wiles"), but she recognizes his nobility—Corley has kept his from the slavey ("I was too hairy for that"), but she thinks him "a bit of class." Nausicaa has had other suitors—the slavey has had previous lovers, including a dairyman. Odysseus recounts to Alcinous his past love-affairs, including that with the possessive Calypso at Ogygia (an omphalos)—Corley so favors Lenehan, dwelling especially on the girls "off the South Circular," who took all, gave nothing. Odysseus at the end of his story-telling is almost rudely eager to be on his way—at the end of Joyce's story Corley is hurrying away from Lenehan, will not deign to answer Lenehan's questions. The gold coin is of course the Phaeacians' gift to Odysseus.

In this story Joyce employs the technique of dominant imagery, which was to contribute so much to the texture of *Ulysses*. The image, especially apparent in the first half, is "roundness": lamp, pearl, biscuit, bulb, moon, clock, ball, "rotundity at the waist," etc.

5. AFTER THE RACE: Odysseus in Phaeacia, feasts and games. *Odyssey*, VIII, XIII (195-97).

The narrative action of Odysseus' entertainment at Alcinous' court and his leave-taking is a plotless round of athletic events, banquets, song, dance, story-telling, gift-giving, and so on. Joyce follows this episodic structure with clearly traceable if not slavish care.

First, some of the equations of characters. Odysseus, an Ithacan among Phaeacians, is represented by Jimmy Doyle, an Irishman among foreigners. Odysseus is the guest of Alcinous, a wealthy ship owner who is to provide him with gifts and passage home; Jimmy is the guest of the rich Ségouin, who owns a thriving automobile factory and who is to allow Jimmy an interest in it. Ségouin is of course Alcinous, with obvious parallels in his great wealth and in his roles as transportation expert, host, and benefactor. Laodamus, Alcinous' son, a dancer, is Rivière, Ségouin's cousin, who dances with Farley (Farley is therefore Halius). Euryalus, who quarrels with Odysseus about athletic prowess, is the Englishman Routh,

who quarrels with Jimmy about politics. The harpist Demodocus, a servant, who is honored and fed by Odysseus, is Jimmy's friend Villona, a poor hanger-on of this company, always hungry, who plays and sings throughout the festivities and is an authority on ancient musical instruments.

Joyce takes up the action at the point of the Homeric footrace, paralleling it with an auto race, and borrowing hints for metaphor to describe it: Clytoneus won "by the length of the *furrow* that mules cleave in a *fallow* field"; Joyce likens the Naas Road to a "groove," and the track between the sightseers as a "channel" of "poverty and inaction." Just after the race Joyce describes all his characters and their relationships, as Homer had done just before.

After a transitional passage Joyce describes Ségouin's dinner-party, which corresponds to Odysseus' participation in the weight-throwing contest. Rivière encourages Jimmy to invest in the French factory by boasting of "the triumph of French mechanicians," as Laodamas urges Odysseus to join the games by discoursing on the value of athletic prowess. Jimmy quarrels lengthily with Routh, as Odysseus with Euryalus, until a truce is imposed by the host. Homer's next item, Demodocus' song, which Joyce will use in "A Boarding House," is here passed over, marked only by the carousers' singing in the street enroute to the yacht.

Joyce's yacht party (the yacht reflects the Phaeacians' interest in ships) parallels Alcinous' further entertainment of the first day. First a dance is executed by two men and it ends in a great din with all present participating and the Odysseus-character expressly enjoying it. Food is spread. Peace is made between erstwhile antagonists—Euryalus giving Odysseus a present, Jimmy and Routh and all drowning their political differences in a series of toasts to the nations. Jimmy makes a long speech, eagerly applauded at the pauses and the end—here in a sentence Joyce reflects and passes Odysseus' much applauded four-book recapitulation, to be treated later.

A cardgame develops (Homer's thirteenth book, the festivities of the last day), with Villona, like Demodocus, providing musical background. Jimmy loses rather heavily—a playful reversal of the Phaeacians' gift to Odysseus. A toast to the Queen of Hearts recalls Odysseus' last chivalrous speech to Arete. Jimmy's head aches and he wishes the party were over, as Odysseus longs to be on his way. As the Phaeacian sun sets and the Irish sun rises, the revellers disperse.

7. THE BOARDING HOUSE: Odysseus in Phaeacia, Demodocus' song. *Odyssey*, VIII (116-9).

Here, in an Irish boarding house, Joyce sets Demodocus' song, the comic tale of the love of Ares and Aphrodite. Except by the way of a secondary recall of the Cyclops-blinding, Odysseus is not represented in this story.

Pretty grey-eyed Polly Mooney of the "light soft hair"—a "little perverse madonna"—is Aphrodite "of the fair crown". Her lover, Bob Doran, is, like Ares, red-bearded. The representative of Hephaestus, the outraged party, is Polly's mother—this shift of sex and relationship being perhaps an acknowledgment of the passing of cuckoldry from the canon of modern comedy. Mr. Leonard, who employs Bob and will fire him if he hears of any scandal, is Apollo god of vengeance, or Zeus the father, whose wrath Ares would fear. Polly's brother Jack, a horse race addict, who dislikes Bob, is Aphrodite's uncle Poseidon, patron of horse races, who hates Ares for the slaying of his son Halirrhothius. The little blonde music hall artiste who slurred Polly's morals is Hermes, patron of music, who makes a bawdy joke about Aphrodite (compare Weathers in "Counterparts".)

The parallels in action are obvious and may be reduced to a general summary. In both stories an illicit love affair gives offense to a near relative of the female lover. The affair is consummated in the home of the outraged relative, who dis-

covering what is going on keeps silent and arranges a trap. The relative is activated more by profit motive than moral consideration—to get a daughter married off or to exact a fine. In both stories the springing of the trap may involve public exposure, though Joyce reduces this to mere threat.

When the trap is sprung the male lover's predicament is complicated by fear of two men who may do him harm—Mr. Leonard and Jack Mooney, Zeus and Poseidon. A joking reference to the female's morals occasions angry outburst from one of her near relatives—Jack, Poseidon. The female is pretty well content with the outcome. Both stories end with a washing-motif—Aphrodite bathing at Paphos, Polly washing away tear-stains with a towel.

Once more an echo of the Cyclops-blinding is heard. Bob, as Odysseus, incurs the wrath and vengeance of a parent, Mrs. Mooney-Poseidon, for injury done the parent's child, Polly-Polyphemus. The rashness of Bob's act, as much out of character for him as Odysseus' foolhardy revelation of his name; the phonic coincidence of Polly-Polyphemus; and the implicit bawdy recall of "fiery-pointed brand" are all signs confirmatory that Joyce deliberately intended the parallel.

III. MATURITY—ODYSSEUS' RECAPITULATION

The third movement derives mainly from the tales of Odysseus' wanderings as he tells them to Alcinous (Books IX to XII). Joyce was later to work this section of the *Odyssey* exhaustively, deriving ten episodes of *Ulysses* from its eleven tales (omitting only the Cicones); but at the time of *Dubliners* he had but begun to plumb its possibilities. He does not use Book IX at all, except by indirect use of the Cyclops story in "Counterparts" and in earlier stories as noted above. Three of the stories of this movement cover the four Homeric tales of Books X and XI. The fourth, "A Painful Case," pays but passing heed to three of the four tales of Book XII, and mainly returns to the Phaeacian and Ogygian adventures which have been otherwise developed in the second movement.

Odysseus is the hero of all four of these stories. In all four he is getting on in years, or past his prime, and is the unhappy victim of his environment. In the first two he is under the domination of women, miserably married. In the last two he is celibate and equally unhappy—once as female, longing for human companionship; once as male, made miserable by his own act of cutting himself off from his best companion. The victim-role of Bob Doran in "The Boarding House" (and also his age, which exceeds that of Chandler in "A Little Cloud") draws that story from the second movement towards this one.

8. A LITTLE CLOUD: Odysseus at the Isle Aeolian.

Odyssey, X, (144-6).
Ulysses, VII, "Aeolus."

This story, like "Two Gallants," was of late composition, being added to the book three months after the original group of twelve stories was sent to the publisher (Gorman, p. 148). As in the Aeolus episode of *Ulysses*, Joyce here renders Odysseus' encounter with the wind-king in terms of the "windiness" of the modern press. In fact Joyce anticipates here most of the themes and devices of the Aeolus episode, and students of Joyce's creative method should lay the two stories together with Gilbert's analysis of "Aeolus" between them to appreciate the genetic rela-

tionship. Needless to say, Joyce here tends notably toward oblique interpretation, converting Homeric motif into tone and imagery.

Aeolus the wind-king is Gallaher, sometime a Dubliner, now of the London Press (compare Myles Crawford in *Ulysses*.). Gallaher is loud-voiced, hail-fellow, backslapping, gusty, domineering—all implicitly Aeolian qualities. He is notably capricious, as a "wind-king" ought to be—especially in such self-contradictions as, "It's not so beautiful, you know. Of course, it is beautiful . . . ." He has extremely hard-headed and unethical views on marriage ("I mean to marry money"; "I don't fancy tying myself up to one woman"); Aeolus solved the problem of disposing of his daughters by the practical, if shocking, device of marrying them to his sons. He drinks much, as Aeolus is always at the feast.

Odysseus, suppliant to Aeolus, is Chandler seeking literary assistance from Gallaher (compare Bloom.) Both are timid and embarrassed in the situation, and soft-voiced in their beseechings. Just as Odysseus is impressed by the abnormal sex-life of the Aeolian household, so Chandler is naively curious about the immorality of Gallaher's world and muses on the "voluptuous longing" of "rich Jewesses." Chandler is of course the "little cloud" of the title, blown about by Gallaher's whim, and the title is thus a clue to the theme of the story and to its Aeolian symbolism.

The scene of the story, Corless' restaurant, is a particularly interesting rendition of Homeric locale—more generous in types of detail than the corresponding newspaper office in *Ulysses*. Like Aeolus' palace it is a famous place ("he knew the value of the name"), and splendidly furnished. Much feasting goes on there, and the fare is exotic ("oysters and liqueurs" renders "dainties innumerable"). It is crowded with "richly-dressed ladies," whom Chandler regards with the awed wonderment that Odysseus showed for the daughters of Aeolus. Above all (as in *Ulysses*) the scene is noisy: the "light and noise of the bar," the women's "noisy" dresses, the clink of glasses, Gallaher's loud jargonistic speech and vulgar manner all provide a running aural imagery for the scene. Two minor Aeolian features, not mentioned by Homer but implicit in Joyce's acceptance of the theory that the Isle Aeolian is the volcano of Stromboli, are smoke and fire, rendered here symbolically in Gallaher's cigar-smoke and the running imagery of redness (blushes, wine-glasses, sunset.)

The action is faithful to Homeric pattern, though Joyce expands the time-elements proportionally and puts two units of the action into the past. Odysseus' friendship with Aeolus is of a month's length; Chandler's with Gallaher was for many years. Odysseus is separated from Aeolus for something beyond ten days; Chandler from Gallaher for eight years. Odysseus revisits Aeolus for a few minutes; Chandler sees Gallaher for an evening.

During the interim of separation, Chandler's fortunes like Odysseus' have declined. He knows that this is his own fault ("His unfortunate timidity"), and feels that it is also caused by his wife, as Odysseus blames himself for falling asleep and blames his "evil company." He looks forward to this second meeting in eager expectation of help from his old friend, who has the power. Like Odysseus, he approaches the meeting place sometime after lunch. He gets off his course because he "pursued his reverie so ardently" and has to "turn back," as Odysseus' turning back was caused by "sweet slumber." At the entrance he "halted before the door in indecision," as Odysseus "sat by the pillars of the door on the threshold." He thinks that the people in the room are "observing him curiously," as the family of Aeolus "marvelled" to see Odysseus. He is abruptly hailed by his friend.

The conference is very brief in Homer and nine pages in Joyce, but its course and result are the same, a timid beseeching frustrated by denial. Poor Chandler is so abashed by his inferiority to Gallaher, so fearfully eager to meet Gallaher on equal terms, that he never dares ask for what he came to ask, substituting instead the request that Gallaher visit him at home, which is denied. And he returns to

his life of dull, unhappy domesticity quite as depressed, ashamed, and hopeless as Odysseus resumed his unhappy wandering "making heavy moan" and "stricken at heart." His wife, Annie, has no Homeric counterpart, unless in her fierceness she anticipates the women of Antiphates, who will figure in the next story.

One incidental Aeolian reference occurs in the last pages, the tellingly apt lines from Byron, "Hushed are the winds and still the evening gloom, Not e'en a Zephyr wanders through the grove."

9. COUNTERPARTS: Odysseus at Lamos and Aeaea.
Odyssey, X (146-158); also IX (129-143).
Ulysses, XIII, "Laestrygonians"; XV, "Circe."

Here is the story "in counterparts" of Odysseus' adventures with the Laestrygonians and with Circe. The story in brief, Homeric or Joycean, presents its hero in a transition from a state of humiliating defeat to one of power. The details in parallel are so numerous that brief analysis is hopeless to account for them.

In the first seven pages, Farrington at the land office is Odysseus at Lamos, with reminiscences too (as there are in Homer) of Odysseus in Cyclops-land. Like Odysseus of "stalwart neck and mighty strength," Farrington is "tall and of great bulk," with a reputation as a strong man, and is wont to boast of his strength and accomplishments. He is unhappy in his employment here in the domain of his enemy and superior, Mr. Alleyne, and is eager to be elsewhere. Alleyne, an implacable tyrant over his employees, is Antiphates: Antiphates being a non-Ithacan, Alleyne is represented as an Ulsterman; Antiphates "raised the war-cry," and Alleyne in "a furious voice called out" and always seems to be shouting; both are startlingly abrupt of decision and hostile in action; Antiphates is described as a giant, and Alleyne with effectively ironic reversal as "a manikin" and "a dwarf."

The action opens with Miss Parker at the tube, sending Farrington to Alleyne's office; she corresponds to Antiphates' daughter at the well, sending Odysseus' men to her father's house. Farrington climbs up a stairs, as Odysseus "went up a craggy hill." In his second visit to Alleyne's office, he finds Miss Delacour, who is Antiphates' wife: Alleyne was "said to be sweet on her"; she is Jewish (non-Ithacan); she is "stout," as Antiphates' wife was "huge of bulk"; she occasions Alleyne's most violent attack on Farrington. Alleyne threatens to fire Farrington, as Antiphates to destroy Odysseus; and Farrington apologizes, as Odysseus withdraws. Alleyne had already "hounded little Peake out of the office," as Antiphates had eaten "one of my company," so that Farrington knows what will happen if he does not knuckle under. Both our "heroes" leave the scene sorely depressed but glad to escape without worse loss—life or job. The other office-workers, hostile to Farrington, and subservient to Alleyne, are the host of Laestrygonians who hurl rocks at the fleeing Ithacans.

The quarrel between hero and enemy is heightened and expanded with hints from the earlier Odysseus-and-giant-herdsman story, the Cyclops episode. Thus, the quarrel develops in three encounters, corresponding to Odysseus' three "conversations" with Polyphemus. The hero in his anger commits a verbal error, so that something has to be redone: Farrington "was so enraged that he wrote Bernard Bernard instead of Bernard Bodley and had to begin again on a clean sheet"; after Odysseus' ill-timed taunt, the giant hurled a rock at the ship, and the wash of it forced the ship back to shore, whence it had to be rowed again. Farrington's catastrophe is precipitated by a non-characteristically foolhardy remark—"everyone was astounded (the author of the witticism no less than his neighbor)"—just as Odysseus' taunts, boasts, and curses, are out of character for this "man of many wiles." Alleyne, like Polyphemus, is last heard threatening the hero with ills to come.

The next six pages, the hero's transition to power, represent Odysseus' early adventures at Aeaea. Farrington is concerned to get money to stand treats, as Odysseus goes out to get food for his men. Suddenly it occurs to him to pawn his watch ("That was the dart!" he exclaims), as suddenly Odysseus sees before him a stag, and slays it with his spear. He leaves his watch in the pawn shop in exchange for six shillings, which he carries away neatly "in a little cylinder"; so Odysseus leaves his "brazen shaft" on the ground ("and let it lie") and carries home the stag with its feet neatly bound together. Farrington proceeds joyfully to his friends in Davy Byrne's, stands them drinks, and enters upon an evening of doing the bars; Odysseus feeds his joyful men at the ship and feasts with them all day long.

Farrington's company leaves Byrne's and splits into two groups, one of which disappears; Odysseus' men divide into two groups, one of which goes off to Circe's palace to become swine. Farrington's group goes to the Scotch House, where they "pushed past the whining match-sellers at the door"; the one group of Odysseus' men enters Circe's palace by passing through beasts that "ramped about them and fawned on them, wagging their long tails." Farrington meets Weathers, an English (i.e., deity) acrobat and a sponge, who will later identify the femme fatale of the story; Odysseus will presently meet Hermes, god of gymnastics and of fraud, who will describe Circe.

At Mulligan's bar, Farrington beholds his Circe-in-Dublin, who is, like her prototype, English (i.e., deity), a singer, and of seductive manner (see Gorman, p. 149, for censored details). Farrington is prevented from approaching her because Weathers has drunk up his funds; Odysseus is fortified against Circe because Hermes has given him the moly. Odysseus' struggle for mastery over Circe is obviated in Joyce by the artiste's departure, but is replaced by a contest of strength between Farrington and Weathers, which, ironically, Farrington loses.

The last two pages, with the hero dominant, takes place at Farrington's home, as the corresponding Homeric incident occurs at Odysseus' ship. Both heroes are longing to be back where they have just come from. In both stories the hero is offended by a subordinate who is a near relative—son Tom or Eurylochus "very near of kin"—and prepares to beat the offender with a long, thin weapon—cane or sword. The offender prays (Tom), or is prayed for (Eurylochus), and according to Homer the hero's wrath is stayed; but Joyce for once, and with especially bitter irony, converts the threat into act—"the boy uttered a squeal of pain as the stick cut his thigh."

10. CLAY: Odysseus at Aeaea and his descent into Hell.

Odyssey, X (158-161), XI.
Ulysses, VI, "Hades."

The hero, in amiable exile far from home, makes a long journey by special permission to visit dear relatives, with them recalls the old days, and is granted by mantic process a clouded glimpse into the future. Thus, in a mood of gentle melancholy, with little of the graveyard reek of the Hades episode of *Ulysses.* Joyce reads the theme of Homer's eleventh book. Only in the occasion—Hallow Eve, in the title, and in the cryptic reference of the prophecy are the darker potentialities of the theme suggested.

Odysseus for once is figured in a woman, Maria Donnelly. Like him, she has long been separated from her loved ones, especially from brother Joe and his family. Her exile, like his, is among strangers, in a laundry run by Protestants, but they are "very nice people." She wants to visit Joe but is fearful that he may be drunk, just as Odysseus fears the perils of his journey to hell. The matron of the laundry, like Circe, is encouraging and helpful in planning for the excursion.

The main elements of Odysseus' journey are faithfully reproduced. Odysseus left Aeaea weeping; Maria departs in rain. Maria rides the train sitting on a stool at one end facing all the people, like Odysseus on his ship. Both journeys are made in two parts, Odysseus' by sea and by land, Maria's on two trains. Both travellers take food-offerings with them. Both arrive at their destination in rain.

Odysseus' colloquy with the departed is freely rendered, some of the matter being used during Maria's tram-ride: the young men who would not notice Maria to give her a seat are the host of spirits who could not speak until Odysseus fed them; the stout, talkative old gentlemen who has taken a drop and who makes off with the plumcake is Teiresias. Joe's house is Hades proper—his wife, who marshalls the children's games, being Persephone, and the girl children the host of young women Odysseus interviewed. Joe himself, the only adult male present, does multiple symbolic duty—like Agamemnon he is stern with women, like Minos authoritarian, like Achilles the father of a son and a good fighter, like Ajax tenacious of old grudges, like Tantalus forever reaching for another bottle of stout.

Parallels of action are numerous. Both heroes are greeted by cries of thanks and recognition when they present the food-offering. Both have failed to do something important—Maria to bring the plumcake, Odysseus to bury Elpenor. Both talk with their relatives about old times. Both receive somewhat cloudy information about the future—Odysseus through Teiresias' mystic, secretive prophecy which omits all reference to Penelope and the wooers, Maria through the saucer game with its ambiguous and frightening results: her hand first falls upon the saucer of clay, which portends death, and the other players, embarrassed at the fact, conceal the truth from her and make her play again until she touches the prayerbook, which means only that she will take the veil. The last incident, Maria's song, though without prototype, is a most ingenious Odysseyan recall: the words of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls—with vassals and serfs at my side", express very prettily the mood and situation of Odysseus at the end of his visit with the dead.

11. A PAINFUL CASE: Odysseus in love.

Odyssey, V-VIII, XI, (171-3), XII (181-194), XIII (195-202).
Ulysses, IV, "Calypso," IX, "Scylla and Charybdis," XI, "Sirens," XIII, "Nausicaa," XIV, "Oxen of the Sun."

The next Homeric adventures at hand are those of the Sirens, Charybdis and Scylla, and the Oxen of the Sun, but these, which with the Wandering Rocks were to furnish four episodes of Ulysses, Joyce now but lightly acknowledges as he passes beyond them to stories already worked but still rich in ore. When we behold our hero, James Duffy—solitary, middle-aged—entering by way of an affaire de coeur the household of a sea captain with a wife and daughter, we are inescapably minded of the lone Odysseus' entry into the household of Alcinous. In this analogue, Captain Sinico is Alcinous, the sailor-king who would welcome Odysseus as a son-in-law; Mrs. Sinico is Arete; the daughter is Nausicaa. Joyce's interest now centers in the wife-mother, whom he has hitherto not noticed, and he transfers to her qualities and actions from the others. Thus in Homer the daughter makes the initial advances—in Joyce the wife-mother; in Homer the husband is addicted to drink—in Joyce the wife-mother becomes so; Homer but hints an illicit affection in the wife-mother—Joyce develops this theme abundantly, informing the lady with the passion of Calypso. It is in the latter half of the story that the action is most notably pendant to that of the Phaeacian story. Odysseus' curiously final farewell to Arete becomes Mr. Duffy's breaking off with Mrs. Sinico. The death of Mrs. Sinico under the wheels of a train, the coroner's investigation, Mr. Sinico's testimony, the railway company's safety measures correspond to the catastrophic

events which befall the Phaeacians, all of which occur after Odysseus' departure: the fettering of their ship, the council of the gods, Alcinous' harangue, the rites of appeasement. Mr. Duffy's grief and loneliness are the feelings of Odysseus alone on what he takes to be a strange shore.

The minor Homeric episodes affect only the first half of the story. The music of the Sirens provides a background to the lover's first meeting—at the opera, where the house, like Odysseus' boat, is thinly peopled and silent, and the performers sing to empty benches. Music continues to unite the lovers as the years go on, and after the break Mr. Duffy keeps away from concerts. Odysseus' painful choice between Scylla and Charybdis is suggested only in Mr. Duffy's initial choice between mother and daughter. Helios, the absentee landlord of Thrinacia, lends to Captain Sinico his habit of being so often from home and his aspect as a source of danger to the hero; thus Sinico's non-Irish name is doubly motivated: as Alcinous he is non-Ithacan and as Helios he is a god. (The name is, incidentally, that of an Italian music-master under whom Joyce studied.)

Calypso's story, fused here with Arete's, is worth more. If Mrs. Sinico is like Arete in her domestic relations and in her amiable regard for the stranger-hero, she is far more like Calypso in her desperate intentness to get and hold her man. Like Calypso she is the aggressor in the love-affair: it is she who speaks first at the opera, she at whose house they meet, who leaves the lamp out as darkness falls, who catches his hand passionately and presses it to her cheek, who is heartbroken at the sundering of their relationship. Thus it is here, as not in "Eveline," the earlier rendition of Calypso's tale, that Joyce creates the special pathos of "unwilling lover by a willing lady."

IV. PUBLIC LIFE—ODYSSEUS IN ITHACA

The three stories of the fourth movement, which originally concluded *Dubliners* ("The Dead" was written later) carry the tour de force to a dwindling, imperfect close. Half the *Odyssey* lay yet before Joyce, and these three stories do it technically scant justice. The first, "Ivy Day," renders thematically three or four Homeric books; the second, "A Mother," may be pendant to a brief section of another book but is quite as much a reversion to an earlier tale; "Grace" is again thematic in relevance and reuses some books covered by "Ivy Day." A partial explanation of the phenomenon lies in Gorman's hint that Joyce intended a second series of *Dubliners*. During the ten years that Joyce waited for this book to be published he contemplated many other possible stories, and such titles of these as Gorman gives us—"The Last Supper," "The Street," "Vengeance," "At Bay"—one could easily fit to Odysseyan subject matter. One was even to be called "Ulysses," but "never got any forrarder than the title" (Gorman, p. 176). Had *Dubliners* been successfully published in 1906, Joyce might have been encouraged to a second volume which would have done systematic justice to the second half of the *Odyssey*. As a matter of fact, when *Dubliners* finally did come out, in the spring of 1914, Joyce was even then starting *Ulysses*, and *he began with the final sections* (Gorman, p. 224).

The distinguishing mark of these three stories is that indicated in Joyce's label for them, their common concern with Public Life. The eleven stories that precede them are preeminently studies in the psychology of

individuals—Joyce himself and persons he has known. Now he launches a set of stories thematically centric in the civilization of contemporary Ireland, turns in earnest to his intention of writing "a chapter of the moral history of my country." "Ivy Day" is Irish politics; "A Mother" is Irish art; "Grace" is Irish religion . . . The list ends, rather abruptly, probably because there was nowhere else for it to go: the topical subject-matter was in all important respects exhausted.

In the fact of Joyce's thematic intention probably lies another explanation for the anomalies of technique encountered in this group. Joyce was, perhaps, content to leave his secret Odyssey unfinished because he felt he had achieved a climax of theme beyond which he could not go without loss of emphasis. And as for the extreme freedom of interpreting his originals, he had to write these stories as Dublin gave them to him, whether he found originals for them in Homer or not.

12. IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM: Odysseus at Eumaeus' hut.
Odyssey, XIII-XVI.
Ulysses, XVI, "Eumaeus."

It is theme and situation—the nation sick with longing for the return of its lost leader—that interests Joyce in the first books of Odysseus' return to Ithaca. The bitter truth of history precludes Joyce's use of Homeric action, for the story Homer tells of Odysseus' homecoming and covert preparations to destroy the enemies of his state is for Ireland only an idiot's dream: Parnell is dead. So Joyce can only sketch plotlessly the bewilderment, chicanery, and loneliness of the political men who follow in Parnell's place.

The scene of the story, the Nationalist Party Committee Room, is Eumaeus' hut, the caretaker Old Jack being Eumaeus and most of the other characters rather dank representatives of Eumaeus' helpers and the other servants of Odysseus' house. The weather, as in Homer, is dismal and cold, so that fires must be kept going. The distinctive date, Parnell's birthday, is reminiscent of the round-number twentieth year since Odysseus' departure. The occasion is the imminence of a political election, adumbrating the struggle for power in Ithaca between the wooers and Telemachus. The stronger candidate, Tricky Dicky Tierney, a machine politician, in cahoots with moneyed interests, employing many canvassers whom he rewards grudgingly and capriciously, stands for the wooers; Telemachus is one Colgan, who stands for labor, is right and honest, but being without influence fights a losing battle alone. The servants in Homer were caught in an unhappy dilemma: devoted to the memory of Odysseus, they "knew" he would never return; loyal to Telemachus, they labored perforce to fill the bellies of the wooers. And that is the situation of the party workers in the Committee Room—Old Jack, Henchy, Crofton, Lyons, O'Connor: they yearn for the dead hero but spend their strength in half-willing service to Tierney. Joyce dourly denies them, though, the redeeming feature of "loyalty to Telemachus"; blind to the right they fail to recognize Colgan as Parnell's true moral heir, and they despise him as a mere brick-layer, a tinker. Only one of the lot, Joe Hynes, has his eyes open. He defends Colgan, belittles Tricky Dicky, is the first to remind the company of Parnell, and climaxes the sketch with his spell-binding verses on Parnell's death. In his curious detachment from the others, in his higher vision, in his power to create in the minds of the others the living presence of Parnell, Hynes' function is that of the disguised Odysseus and the goddess Athene.

A couple of minor correspondences are worth noting. Eumaeus has a thrall,

Mesaulius, who prepares meals and clears away; he is the prototype of the boy who brings the beer, in whom Old Jack takes a sudden paternalistic interest. In this section of the epic appears a mysterious soothsayer, Theoclymenus, whom Gilbert uses to explain the "mystery-man" of the Eumaeus episode in *Ulysses* ; a mystery man turns up here too, bent on some dark political mission—he looks like a clergyman or an actor and is called Father Keon, but no one knows whether he is a priest or not. Gilbert, if not Joyce, misread his Homer at this point, for Theoclymenus did not visit Eumaeus' hut (Gilbert, pp. 335-36).

The Parnell-Odysseus equation is enhanced with some striking details, as for instance the recollection of Parnell's irregular love-life. But the most compelling way to feel the analogy at work is to read Eumaeus' speeches in Book XIV of the epic, at each mention of Odysseus saying to oneself "Parnell", and for each reference to those who long for his return saying "Ireland."

13. A MOTHER: Penelope and the wooers, Demodocus' song.
Odyssey, XVIII (283-88) ; VIII, (116-19).

For a time in the last half of the epic the initiative passes from Odysseus to Penelope or Athene, the women in the case, and probably Joyce here takes the cue for "A Mother," his satiric backstage report on Irish Revivalist art. Thus, Happy Holohan, who limps up and down Dublin talking about his series of concerts, resembles at the beginning of the story Odysseus, who though he does not limp, has a strong scar on his leg, who is planning an "entertainment" for the wooers, and who talks more than he acts. And Mrs. Kearney, who in the end arranges everything, and her daughter Kathleen, the pianist, represent in a sliding relationship Athene and Penelope. In her Athene-role, Mrs. Kearney advises Holohan how to arrange a program, dresses her daughter becomingly, is backed up by the Zeus-like, indefinite, secure strength of Mr. Kearney; in her Penelope-role, she refuses to deliver the promised musical goods without payment in advance, as Penelope demands gifts from the wooers before she will give herself to any of them.

This may be—and many minor correspondences might be added in support of the analogue, but the major development of the action—the male resumption of initiative and control through violent quarrel with the woman—is not motivated here in Homer at all. For this portion of the story, one must look to the Hephaestus-Aphrodite tale of Book VIII, Demodocus' song. Here, in Hephaestus, is a hero who is literally lame, who arranges an entertainment for an audience, whose quarrel is with a woman, who claims rebate of a bargain price (the return of his wedding gifts), who refers his claim to higher authorities (the gods, the Committee), who wins the quarrel; a heroine who prostitutes herself (Joyce would apply the word to any contribution to the Revivalist program), who is caught in cunning bonds, who is backed up by a personally impressive male (Poseidon, Mr. Kearney), who goes off defeated, the laughing stock of a crowd of male observers.

It is not unlike Joyce to re-use Homeric materials (as Ogygia, Phaeacia), nor to combine two or more Homeric tales into one, though in all other instances (even "A Painful Case") the combined materials are contiguous in the action of the epic. Hence it is best to rest this analysis on the broad probabilities sketched above, and recognize in the story the beginning of the end of Joyce's faithfulness to his tour de force plan.

14. GRACE: Odysseus' homecoming.
Odyssey, XIII-XVIII.
Ulysses, XVII, "Ithaca."

This story, a study of rotarianism in Irish religion, is difficult to assign specific analogue for, though its relevance to the situation and theme of Odysseus' return

to his country and his house, and of his relations with Penelope and the wooers, is plain.

Tom Kernan is the Odysseus, the wanderer. Not only is he tagged "a commercial traveller of the old school," but he is vagrant in a higher sense: for twenty years, like Odysseus, he had been away from "home"—i. e., outside the pale of the Church; and for about that long he has been indifferent to (hence, "away from") his wife. He is activated by none of Odysseus' heroic determination—not even consciously by urgent wish—to return to home and wife, and must be prodded by others around him. The urge lives mainly in Mrs. Kernan, the Penelope; she, who has all these years "kept house shrewdly for her husband," dwells sentimentally in memories of their earlier happiness, and longs earnestly to see her husband reformed into a "good Catholic" and a sober man. The role of Telemachus is in the first pages filled by Jack Power (though later Power appears to join the rank of the wooers). Power is young, tall, and fair; he respects Kernan and is fond of him; he is the first to recognize Kernan in the bar-room (as Telemachus was the first to recognize Odysseus in Eumaeus' hut); he takes over responsibility for Kernan from his subordinate the constable (as Telemachus takes over Odysseus from his servant Eumaeus); he guides Kernan to his house; he is eager to restore Kernan to sobriety, the Church, and the good graces of his wife.

Analogues of action in the early part include Kernan's fall downstairs and the dirtying of his clothes, which recall Athene's sudden transformation of Odysseus into a filthy-garbed beggar; his bitten tongue and hazy memory and the disappearance of his drinking companions, which recall Odysseus' being left alone on the shore and his need to fabricate tales about his past; the recognition by Power; the journey to his house.

In the bulk of the story, Kernan, like Odysseus, is in his own house surrounded by men who are conspiring against him. The villainous plot of the Homeric wooers Joyce converts into the relatively harmless plot of Kernan's friends to trick Kernan into attending a retreat with them. Ostensibly their purpose is benevolent, but inherent is a feeling that Kernan, like Odysseus, is alone among enemies: he resents them, suspects them, resists them (at least mildly), restrains his impulses to sharp retort, and rather unwillingly submits. And Joyce is telling us (though poor stupid Kernan pathetically cannot see it) that the "home" the friends seek for themselves and would lead Kernan to is not a home where he can truly rest, any more than Odysseus could rest in Ithaca if Penelope fell to the wooers: the retreat, as Kernan's friends use it, is no source of spiritual light to lost souls who need light, but a business men's club organized to secure God's approval upon business men's expediency.

Analogues of action after the early part are not many, but one may note the drinking, the lengthy discussions to which Kernan is mainly a listener, Mrs. Kernan's prolonged absence from the scene, and her failure to "recognize" her husband—i. e., to respond to his amiable advances. Father Purdon's sermon is perhaps an ironic adaptation of the practical morality of Odysseus' speech to Amphinomus in Book XVIII.

V. FINALE

As first submitted to the publisher, *Dubliners* ended with "Grace," thematically at zenith, but in terms of the secret technique dangling and incomplete. Joyce the artist had yet to be satisfied. If he intended to round out the work with a second series, as Gorman has suggested, he may well have been discouraged by the delays in publishing the first, and hence have begun to cast about for some right way to finish it off in a

single volume. In the fall of 1906 we know that he was contemplating a story about a Mr. Hunter, to have been called "Ulysses"; in this, Gorman suggests, he envisaged the "recital of a day's peregrinations through the streets of Dublin"—an *Odyssey* in miniature. But this he abandoned. Early in 1907, he was ready to write "The Dead." Somewhere—perhaps from his wife, who like the Gretta of the story came from Galway—he heard the sad tale of Michael Furey, and by reviewing with it his own experience as an embarrassed intellectual among Dublin medical students and berlitzing business men on the Continent, he achieved the elements of this magnificent finale. "The Dead" is so rich in thematic implications that it not only can fitly follow, but easily transcends, those stories that make up the "moral history" of Ireland.

The analogizing process operates here as cogently by antithesis as by duplication, for the hero is notably unheroic. And in the main, the analogizing is fairly free. For here especially Joyce's inspiration is in his material, and he seems rather to be paying his respects to his old teacher, his "old father, old artificer," than leaning upon him for help. Nonetheless, as surely as with the unwritten peregrinations of Mr. Hunter, he has deliberately sought material of Homeric relevance and moulded it after Homeric form.

15. THE DEAD: Odysseus' destruction of the wooers and reunion with Penelope.

Odyssey, XX (315) to XXIII.
Ulysses, XVII, "Ithaca"; XVIII, "Penelope."

In the climactic forty-first day of the epic Odysseus attends his enemies' last revels, watches and engages in the contest of the bow, converts the banquet-hall into a shambles for his enemies, and at last is alone with his wife, to whom he relates stories of his past. So too Gabriel Conroy attends his Aunt Morkan's Christmas party (possibly their last) with people he dislikes, listens to several verbal contests and is even drawn into one, carves the goose at supper and makes a speech aimed to discomfit his enemies, and at last is alone with his wife, who relates to him a story of her past. So faithfully does Joyce follow these main lines of Homeric action that he twice sets asterisks to mark Homeric book-divisions.

The parties, in both books, begin with maid-servants engaged in preparations —Lily receiving wraps, Eurycleia directing the activities of the underservants. The hosts—the aunts, Telemachus—question the maid-servant about the hero—Gabriel, Odysseus—and subsequently are much emboldened by the hero's presence and rely on him for help. Both parties are customs of long standing ("For years and years it had gone off in splendid style," Joyce writes, "as long as anyone could remember").

Both heroes, when they enter, converse first with servants—Lily; Eumaeus, Melanthius, Philoetius—and midway in each conversation the servant utters a sharp rebuke which the hero broods over in silence (Gabriel "was still discomposed by the girl's bitter and sudden retort. It had cast a gloom over him"; Odysseus "in silence . . . shook his head, brooding evil in the deep of his heart"). Both heroes linger at the outskirts of the revelling company at first—Gabriel "outside the drawing-room door," Odysseus at a little table "by the threshhold"—a post of vantage.

Gabriel, like Odysseus, is much concerned about his relations with the other guests: he is aware of his own superiority (his "superior education," Odysseus' ability to string the bow); he senses that if he does not conceal his superiority and use it with the right strategy he may suffer injury from them (he feared "he would only make himself ridiculous by quoting poetry to them which they could not understand"); and he therefore revises his speech. Just so, Odysseus deliberately conceals his power (accepting insults in silence), and all day long revises and improvises his plan of action to suit the circumstances.

Like Odysseus, too, Gabriel is a cosmopolitan traveller, and out of this rises some question of his proper status here in his own land. In this first section we find that he makes Gretta wear galoshes because "everyone wears them on the Continent," and Gretta resists the innovation. More is made of this later in his quarrel with Miss Ivors over the Nationalist movement: he can't join her excursion to the Aran Isles, he tells her, because "every year" he goes on "a cycling tour with some fellows . . . to France or Belgium or perhaps Germany"; for this and other reasons, Ivors denies him his Irish nationality and labels him "West Briton." Thus are reflected Odysseus' past and future wanderings and the wooers' efforts to prevent his repatriation.

Both parties are infested by rude men who offend the ladies—the Homeric wooers, "haling the handmaidens in foul wise through the fair house"; Joyce's Mr. Browne, who is too attentive to the ladies and shocks them with vulgar anecdotes, and Freddy Malins, who ignores the ladies, is drunk, tells dirty stories to the men, and wanders about with his fly open. Odysseus' only direct contact with the wooers in Book XX is with Ctesippus, a "ribald fellow" (Butler's translation), who hurls an ox's foot at him; Gabriel's only contact in this section is with Freddy, who offends him with a piece of smut. Both heroes accept the offence in silence and inward burning (Odysseus "smiled right grimly in his heart," Gabriel's "brows were dark"); and the host—Telemachus, Aunt Kate—condemns the offender. Of all the wooers' company, incidently, the only one to be spared from slaughter as "blameless" was Phemius, "the minstrel . . . who sang among the wooers of necessity"; Joyce parallels him with Bartell D'Arcy, the tenor—the most gentlemanly of the guests, guilty of minor bursts of temper but always excused by circumstances—who in spite of his bad cold is forced by popular insistence to sing one song.

Homer concludes Book XX with a scene in which Athene stirs the wooers to "laughter unquenchable," and drives "their wits wandering . . . and their eyes were filled with tears"; and Theoclymenus tries in vain to scold them into sobriety. Joyce concludes the first section with Browne trying to sober Freddy with a glass of lemonade, but falling into laughter himself as Freddy "exploded . . . in a kink of high-pitched bronchitic laughter and . . . began to rub the knuckles of his left fist backwards and forwards into his left eye, repeating words of his last phrase as well as his fit of laughter would allow him." (Asterisks, end of Book XX.)

Homer opens Book XXI with Penelope's visit to the treasure room "with her handmaidens" to fetch the unbendable bow; Joyce renders this as Mary Jane ("and Aunt Kate standing at her elbow to turn the page") playing an extremely difficult and baffling piece of music. The description of the treasure-room is answered with a description of the Morkan's drawing-room. The history of the bow and the story of the hostility between Heracles and Iphitus are paralleled by Gabriel's memories of his mother and her hostility to Gretta.

The Homeric contest of the bow is paralleled by the progress of a dance aptly called "lancers"; by Gabriel's quarrel with Miss Ivors over Irish Nationalism; and a little later, after Aunt Julia's song, by a series of quarrel-sequences: Browne and Freddy clash lightly in rival efforts to praise Julia; Aunt Kate lashes out at the

pope for banning women from the choir; Miss Ivors offends the company by leaving before supper; and Mary Jane remarks that "we are all very quarrelsome." When the wooers set the contest aside, Penelope speaks after long silence, to defend Odysseus' right to try the bow; she is rebuked (by her son), and "in amaze" she retires. So too, after the "lancers," Gretta appears for the first time in this section; she is interested in Gabriel's quarrel with Ivors, is answered "coldly" by Gabriel, and retires in surprise. Where Odysseus prepares himself for the slaughter by "handling the bow, turning it every way about, and proving it on this side and that," Gabriel retires to a window niche and "ran over the headings of his speech," revising it once more in the light of his quarrel with Ivors.

In Book XXII Homer converts feast into slaughter, and Odysseus achieves his climax of heroic action; but Joyce must let the feast quietly proceed, for his hero is a painfully ordinary man. The feast opens with a striking Homeric reference. When called to the table by Aunt Kate, Gabriel starts out his mood of abstraction and "with sudden animation" cries, "Here I am, Aunt Kate . . . ready to carve a flock of geese, if necessary." Not only is the suddenness of gesture exactly that of Odysseus as he leaped to action, but the witticism perfectly recalls the auspicious bird-imagery of the epic—especially in Penelope's dream of the crooked beaked eagle and the twenty geese. One should note too, how Joyce describes the dishes on the table, marshalling them like opposing military forces: the goose and the ham are "rival ends"; between them run "parallel lines" of dishes; the decanters are "sentries" to the fruit-stand; the pudding "lay in waiting"; "three squads" of bottles are "drawn up according to the colours of their uniforms."

Throughout the banquet, with typical subtlety, Joycean arrows whisper through the air. As in the "Ithaca" section of *Ulysses,* arrows become words. Mary Jane and Aunt Kate have quarreled about applesauce for the goose; Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia keep bumping into each other and "giving each other unheeded orders"; disagreements arise over the contralto of D'Arcy's company, a negro tenor, the race problem, the relative merits of contemporary singers and those of the past, the pudding. Browne quibbles over the customs of the monks of Mount Melleray. D'Arcy refuses to take wine, then submits. Gabriel fancies himself, by cutting allusions in his speech, disposing of the whole bluestocking host of Ivorses who sponsor the Revival. The final jubilation of Odysseus' faithful servants is echoed in the song "For they are jolly gay fellows." (Asterisks, end of Book XXII.)

Joyce uses Homer's Book XXIII, the reunion of Odysseus and Penelope, freely, but at relevant points with keen irony. The noisy departure of the Morkans' guests, which occupies the first half of the story, is without Homeric antecedent, unless it be construed as an elaboration of Telemachus' merrymaking to impress the neighbors. It may be noted that Gretta's descent of the stairs—a grand entry—resembles Penelope's in some details; and Gabriel's eagerness to be alone with his wife and to draw her out of her seeming coldness is like Odysseus'. But it is in the second half, the scene of the hotel, that we are brought back to Homer. Through seemingly trivial revelations—the secret of the bed-post, the loan of a pound to Freddy Malins —the woman is brought to yield; Penelope "fell aweeping, and ran straight toward him and cast her hands about his neck, and kissed his head"; Gretta stands before Gabriel, "then, suddenly raising herself on tiptoe and resting her hands lightly on his shoulders, she kissed him." For the Homeric lovers the reunion is complete; they withdraw to the bed and "take their fill of sweet love," and all night he delights her with tales of his adventures in the west, including even, but tactfully, the story of Calypso. But not so for Gabriel. It is not he, but Gretta, who tells a tale of a lover in the west, the sweet-voiced, delicate boy named Michael Furey, who used to sing "The Lass of Aughrim" to her, and who died for love of her when she came out of Galway. Her grief in the memory is inconsolable, and she goes to bed alone, weeping. Gabriel lies awake beside her, a hero troubled,

shamed, and deflated, and somehow cleansed by the baffling of his desire—brooding upon the imminence of death ("His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead"; Odysseus' descent into hell), contemplating his own death ("The time had come for . . . his own journey westward"; Odysseus' thoughts of his further journeys and death prophesied by Teiresias), and hearing the "snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead."

* * * *

The meaning of this labor may be indicated in brief. Certainly, first of all, the stories in *Dubliners*, magnificent as they are in their own right, are enriched for us by recognition of their Homeric prototypes. The pathos of Eveline and Mrs. Sinico is heightened as our memory plays on Calypso; the Parnell of "Ivy Day" is doubly celebrated and lamented with the eulogy of Eumaeus sounding behind him; the pitiful inaction and loneliness of Gabriel Conroy is rendered more pitiful still against the flamboyant well-being of Odysseus triumphant. Much pleasure may be found too in watching, through details, Joyce's witty, anti-heroic play of allusion—his equation, say, of Poseidon with a horse race addict, of Odysseus' lost spear with Farrington's pawned watch, of the food-offering for the dead to Maria's plumcake, of the winds of Aeolus to the blathering of Ignatius Gallaher—the list is endless. And the whole book, incomplete though it be, gains in dignity and weight from the recognition of its structural continuity; it is something more than a collection of discrete sketches. By corollary too, the *Odyssey* in turn benefits from *Dubliners*, for again as in *Ulysses* it is being read to us—underscored and interlined—by a wise and witty reader.

Recognition of the technique of *Dubliners* casts much new light upon the genesis of *Ulysses*. We may observe Joyce gradually developing his analogizing system from the relative dog-trot of the stories earliest written ("After the Race," perhaps) to the soaring flight of technical brilliance in "Two Gallants" or of thematic beauty in "The Dead"; and the style grows towards *Ulysses* as surely as child to man. Moreover, as is most inadequately noted in the foregoing analyses, many of the characters, devices, themes, actions are anticipations of similar things in *Ulysses*, and are to be studied in a genetic relationship. Out of such study Joyce's growth as an artist before and after 1914 will be seen to cohere in ways not hitherto realized.

Finally, there is a practical lesson in creative writing implicit in the case. Here stands revealed a young man of letters determined to become a great man of letters finding his way to shape plentiful but recalcitrant material into story form. All his life Joyce had but one subject to write about and that was Dublin: to find a way to put it—purely as a system of mechanics of composition, to tell himself where to begin and what to do next—he chose the best of all books and told it over again in a Dublin way.

E. E. CUMMINGS:

Poem

it was a goodly co
which paid to make man free
(for man is enslaved by a dread dizziz
and the sooner it's over the sooner to biz
don't ask me what it's pliz)

then up rose bishop budge from kew
a anglican was who
(with a rag and a bone and a hank of hair) 'd
he picked up a thousand pounds or two
and he smote the monster merde

then up rose pride and up rose pelf
and ghibelline and guelph
and ladios and laddios
(on radios and raddios)
did save man from himself

ye duskiest despot's goldenest gal
did wring that dragon's tail
(for men must loaf and women must lay)
and she gave him a desdemonial
that took his breath away

all history oped her teeming womb
said demon for to doom
yea (fresh complexions being oke
with him) one william shakespeare broke
the silence of the tomb

then up rose mr lipshits pres
(who always nothing says)
and he kisséd the general menedjerr
and they smokéd a robert burns cigerr
to the god of things like they err

MARGUERITE YOUNG:

The Parachutist

O, there's no neutral now, no public image,
No mirroring the movement of rat or heavenly body
But only the variant effects without source,
So multiple is every witnessed lady

Who dissolves like vapor on a glass,
Who fades as fade the lilies at her breast.
Seeing, is it believing her coldly secret,
That most subjective event of the rainbow or ghost

No one can touch? Not, I think, less tangible than this
Is the boy under his snowy canopy,
Drifter to shroud cords harnessed, with orchards like white surf
And apples big as moons in memory,

No body, he! but radiation away from the larkspur, blue nettle,
No body, but radiation away from the small fox,
That bush of flame and glittering eye
Detached with him in a wintry space,

For boy of that cloud, he is imagery,
He is the forceless stars and their release
And train which crawls beneath him like a snail
And light-tipped plumes of the voyager grass,

His body, a canopy of the vast moving clouds!
And the harp strings of his heart vibrate
With that wild music of his light,
With yucca moths which shake from his grey coat

And fly like flowers. O, his own sad head mirrors,
Mirrors an infinite this waning hour,
Cosmology he drags in curve with him,
Treetops, and sparrows homeless in the air.

HOWARD MOSS:

Musical Comedy

The falsest angels that explore the past
Also applaud this false proscenium;
Most secretly the audience prepares
Its private freedom at a premium:

And if the curtain rises you will see
An afternoon of aria, a gilt pretense,
The heroine as dim as any man could wish,
The hero silent as a fence.

There is a rumor that the curtain will not rise,
At least not for the purposes of action;
The candy girls will cry their wares in vain,
The manager will proffer a retraction.

Participants preparing to enjoy
Merely what the customers expect
Are guilty, since even in deceit
The spectators are more than suspect

And very willing not to be implied
In whatever of importance may occur
The choices are deliberately denied,
Instead, the exit or the orchestra.

The lights go down, the mezzanine applauds
Whatever falsehood mezzanines make true,
The balconies are counting on escape
In case the angels fail to be renewed.

The impossible pianos in the pit,
Intricately maudlin in a fugue,
Pursue the traces of the pleasant past
As innocent as any pleading rogue.

No one aware of danger hid between
The pulsing crowd and every numbing trick,
Can cry bravo, bravissimo and watch
The fatal clowns. Gay but not authentic.

JACK JONES:
The Mugging

JUDY FORGANG:

The End faded in on the screen and Jimmie squeezed my hand and we got up and tripped over people going out. In the lobby we sat down on the plush couch and held hands.

You're more beautiful than Lana Turner, Jimmie said.

You're more handsome than Clark Gable, I said and laughed.

No, I mean it, said Jimmie. He did, too.

I looked at him, a little embarrassed. When a boy's that sweet on you, it makes you less sure sometimes. It's as if you were afraid he'd had a shot of dope that might wear off too soon.

Let's go walk in the Park, said Jimmie. It's only nine-thirty.

No, let's not.

Why?

It's too dark.

I'll be there.

That's the trouble. Remember what you almost did last time?

Please. I won't do anything. I promise.

You promised last time too.

Oh Judy! he said like a baby wanting candy.

All right but only until ten o'clock.

We won't get over there till fifteen of.

Fifteen past ten, then, I said.

We walked out of the 102nd Street Theater and started west. It was late in May and a lovely Saturday night, not too warm but warm enough so that you didn't have to wear a coat.

Did you register? I asked him.

I'm going to, Jimmie said, there's plenty of time.

You'll really like it at City College, I said. I've only been one year and I'm crazy about it. You only missed one year and you're not twenty yet.

OK, Jimmie said impatiently.

I'm not going this summer so you'll catch up with me. We'll be in some classes together.

Jimmie looked sulky and for a minute I was afraid.

You're not in any trouble, Jimmie? I asked. Three years ago he'd got sucked into a gang that broke into store windows at night. He'd been caught and given a three-month suspended sentence.

Hell, no, said Jimmie.

I could see that he was telling the truth and smiled at him.

I wish you'd read more instead of shooting pool, I said.

Listen, said Jimmie, let's forget about it. I'm going to register next week and haven't we anything better to talk about?

All right, I said.

We walked into the Park and plunged down a southern-bound path. The dim-out made it pretty dark but the moon and stars were out. The night air was fresh and clean. We went slowly, arm in arm.

Let's sit down for a minute, Jimmie said.

Now don't start, I said.

What's the matter, Judy? Jimmie asked.

All right, for a minute, I said. Then we'll have to go home.

We sat down on a bench. There was no one in sight.

Jimmie tried to kiss me and I let him. Then I started to get up but he wouldn't let me go.

Jimmie, let me go, I said.

Kiss me again.

I kissed him again. We held it for a long time. I could feel the flush in my cheeks.

Please let me go, I said.

Jimmie did but I felt weak and couldn't get up. Jimmie kissed me again.

Don't, I said, that's what you did last time.

Don't you want to? Jimmie asked.

I couldn't lie to him. Yes, I said.

Let's.

No.

Yes.

I didn't say anything. Jimmie got up and pulled me up and we started walking. About a hundred yards deeper into the park Jimmie lifted me over a railing and vaulted over himself. We climbed a short hill and went another hundred yards before we found a place—a valley between two brief hills whose ends were screened by pine clumps.

JOHN T. LUCAS:

I'd just been to see Maxwell Blake, the Negro writer. That's how I happened to be up in Harlem. *Progressive Fiction* couldn't afford to pay more than a cent a word but I'd thought perhaps Blake had some old manuscripts around that he'd like to get rid of. So I called up. He said sure, to come up and poke around.

I bought three stories, all excellent, and he promised me his future stories he couldn't get rid of to the commercial press.

I left Blake's place and walked west to 2nd Avenue and 114th, then started south. I'd gone about halfway to the Lexington Avenue subway when I had a sudden impulse and crossed 2nd Avenue and went toward 3rd instead of waiting until I'd got level with the Lexington station and *then* crossing.

I didn't like the looks of the street I was on much; and I hadn't seen anybody since I left Blake. But then, it was pretty late—eleven-thirty. I started to walk faster.

I was never so startled in my life when suddenly I heard someone just behind me, walking faster. I suppose he'd been crouching in one of those sunken stone porches. I stopped dead and turned around.

I only caught a glimpse of his face but I saw that he was a Negro and his left cheek was twitching. He crowded up and pushed me down the stairs into a porch.

My God, what do you want?

He hit me in the mouth with a gun-butt and I fell to one knee. I shouted. A broken tooth choked my throat and I had to stop to cough it out. The Negro was holding what looked like a raincoat in his left hand and his right was under it. I couldn't see the gun. I didn't dare shout again but it was too late. He was crazy.

Don't kill me! I whispered. Don't kill me!

There was a sound like an airgun popping and a streak of hot light sped through

TOMMY NORSHELL:

What's the matter? I asked. You look kind of dopey.

Nothing, Jimmie said.

You look like somebody on the roof dropped a mailbox on your bean, I said.

Why don't you shut up? asked Jimmie.

We went over to Jack's poolroom. Jack let us have a table at the back for two bits and we got up a poker game with two other colored guys. We had the window there open and the spring air flowed in. It was Sunday night.

I got a new pack from Jack and we chipped in for it. I split the seal with my thumbnail. Everybody was feeling swell and we were going to have a hell of a time.

Jimmie was counting the chips.

Half-penny ante? I asked, shuffling the cards.

Yeah.

OK.

OK.

I started dealing. We were playing straight poker, but about the twelfth hand Jimmie, who hadn't even been able to open yet, said, How about deuces wild?

No, one of the other guys said.

Cut for it? asked Jimmie.

They did and Jimmie won.

Sure enough, right after that he started raking it in. We played fast and furious until eleven o'clock. Then Jimmie started losing.

Deal me out on this one, said Jimmie. I'm gonna take a leak.

We were too hot over the game to notice him. He was back in ten-fifteen minutes.

All the time I was dealing the next hand I could feel there was somebody just come up behind my chair watching. I finished dealing, gathered in my hand and tossed back my head. It was Kickie Brown.

My God, Kickie, I said. Whereinhell you been?

Plenty places, Kickie said grinning.

Hello Jimmie.

Hi, Jimmie said.

My eyes went to Kickie's left cheek. That twitching tic was still there.

Well, said Jimmie, whyn't they got you in the Army?

They ain't caught this nigger yet, said Kickie.

Everybody laughed. The other two guys, who didn't know Kickie, thought it was a joke. We got back to the game.

I didn't turn my head again but I was thinking of Kickie. He got that name in P. S. 57 because he always fought with his feet.

What're you doing, Kickie? Jimmie asked. Him and Kickie used to be pals, but Jimmie's girl broke that up three years ago.

Layin around, said Kickie.

Jimmie looked at the clock. Christ, he said.

I looked at it. He had a job in a Queens war plant and had to get up at six.

One more hand, said a guy.

OK.

We played it and Jimmie got his coat and we went outside with Kickie.

Just then a police radio car came helling down between the elevated pillars, siren blasting. It turned off into a side street a couple of blocks up. We let it go. Nuts to it.

Where you goin? Kickie said. He was breathing kind of fast.

Home, I said.

Look, Jimmie, said Kickie, do me a favor?

What?

Get rid of this, Kickie said. He shoved something I couldn't see into Jimmie's hand and ran down the street to the el stairway and pounded up.

Christ, said Jimmie, staring at his hand. What'll I do with this goddam thing?

It was a heavy steel-blue gun.

I looked around quickly. No one watching.

I don't want it, said Jimmie. He looked for some place to ditch it.

You want it? Jimmie asked.

Hell, no.

There was a guy walking toward us. Jimmie shoved the gun under his coat until the guy went by, then started walking. I followed him down the block around the corner into an alley where there were some

ashcans. Jimmie dropped the gun in one can that was half-full, so it didn't make any noise.

Jimmie and I came out of the alley. There was no one around.

The crazy bastard, Jimmie said. He was pretty mad.

Yeah, I said. Well, so long, Jimmie.

Two days later I heard Jimmie had been arrested.

LEE STEWART:

The headlines were coming swell today. I thought of a beaut for the story of the Volunteer Land Army girl just up from New York: CITY GIRL COWED, SPENDS NIGHT IN TREE. I looked up grinning and saw Maxie walking quietly toward me across the city room floor. When Maxie was quiet he was boiling mad. I didn't know what the hell it was but I couldn't help getting scared.

Stewart, Maxie said, you write this headline?

Yeah, I said, what's wrong with it?

I looked it over breathing through my mouth. MAN SLAIN, ROBBED ON UPPER THIRD AVENUE.

What's the matter? I said.

You know goddam well what's the matter, Maxie said. You get paid for writing headlines, not obits.

I let my pan freeze slow and shut up.

You headline stories like that this way, said Maxie. He wrote HARLEM MUGGERS SLAY, ROB CITIZEN.

What's the point? I asked again, but I knew this time.

You better catch on, said Maxie.

HARRY PANZER:

We found the gun Monday afternoon.

For Christ sake, I said to the Sanitation Department guy on the phone, don't touch it!

I got down there fast in a radio car and grabbed the gun. It was in an ash can about three blocks down from the killing. I took it to H. Q. It was the right gun, all right, Ballistics said. Fingerprints too. The killer sure was careless, though probably his prints weren't on file.

The guy that was killed, Lucas, had had his pockets cleaned out and we got a description of what was in them from his wife, so if the killer took a notion to pawn anything we might get him. But it was a tough case. Muggings always are, for usually there aren't any clues. In this one there was the old raincoat we found near the body that the killer used to muffle his gun. But that was no good. It'd been stolen from a City Councilman last year in a 42nd Street Automat. I guess the killer was pretty scared, to ditch the gun. Or maybe he was afraid he'd get caught with it on him.

The Fingerprint Classification Division called up before midnight. We had him! The prints on the gun checked with the ones on file of a

Negro boy named Jimmie Conroy who'd got a suspended N.

I went down with five men and arrested him.

SAM SILVERSTEIN:

George was bringing in that pretty nigger girl to visit Conroy. I guess George was feeling kind of peppy today and wanted to have some fun, but anyway, as soon as he brought her into the bullpen he started right in.

Madam, he says like she was the Queen of India, this is what is popularly known as the bullpen.

The nigger girl knew right away what he was up to, but she didn't say anything. She'd been to City College, I read in the papers, and I guess she wanted to be treated same's a white girl. I've always thought they shouldn't let any niggers go to college, because they always get ideas like that from the Red literature they let them read.

Actually, says George, as we very well know, its correct name is the detention room.

I understood, the nigger girl said very proud, that I was to be allowed to see Mr. Conroy.

Well, this was going too far of course, and George took her down a peg.

What do you mean Mr. Conroy? he said. There's no Mr. Conroy in this jail.

Yes there is, said the nigger girl.

No, there ain't, said George. If you came to see a Mister Conroy you better go back home.

The nigger girl got it all right. George could have kept her out too, if he'd wanted.

I came to see Jimmie Conroy, the nigger girl said.

Oh! says George like he'd just caught on. You mean that nigger Conroy coming up for trial tomorrow?

The nigger girl hesitated. Yes, she said.

George walked her over to me.

This is what is popularly known as a keeper, George says to the nigger girl. Actually, as we very well know, his title is Correction Officer.

A cop in the corner of the bullpen snickered. I cracked a smile.

The nigger girl looked like she couldn't stand much more, so George said, OK Sam, escort the lady to our honeymoon suite.

I took the girl's arm and we started through the door.

Watch them close all the time, says George. Or we'll have a batch of pickaninnies on our hands before we can get her out of here.

The nigger girl started to cry, but I had to laugh.

LOUIE MARTINELLI:

Q: What time was it?

A. About eleven-thirty.

Q: Can't you be more exact?

A: No, sir.

Q: Very well. You said that the defendant then began to lose heavily. What happened?

A: He said—he said he had to leave the room.

Q: In the poolroom where you and the defendant were playing, where is the lavatory located?

A: Downstairs in the hall.

Q: Then it would be an easy matter for the defendant to have left and reentered the building unobserved?

Mr. Rednik: Objection!

The Court: Sustained.

Q: I apologize. (To the witness) Now, as a rule, are there people loitering in the downstairs hall?

A: I guess not. Most guys go upstairs right away.

Q: When you came upstairs that night, was there anyone in the hall?

A: No, sir.

Q: When you left?

A: No, sir.

Q: Very good. What—

Mr. Rednick: I object to the prosecutor's lauding the witness whenever the prosecutor thinks he has made a point.

The Court: Denied.

Q: When did the defendant return?

A: About fifteen of twelve.

Q: Can't you be more exact?

A: No, sir.

Q: Very well. What did the defendant do next?

A: Well, we went on playing and pretty soon a guy they called Kickie came up and threw the bull around —

Q: Omit extraneous material.

A: Sir?

Q: We are not interested in Kickie.

Mr. Rednick: I object strongly to the prosecutor's attempting to stifle the witness' testimony. We are prepared to —

The Court: Objection denied. You will have an opportunity to cross-examine. Continue.

Q: What happened then?

MARGIE GLADE:

Q: You thought nothing of it?

A: That's right. But when I heard about the murder I guessed I'd better tell the police.

Q: Quite correct. You're certain of the time?

A: Yes.

Q: What makes you certain?

A: I'd just looked at my clock. It was exactly eleven-forty.

Q: Then what did you do?

A: I heard a sharp noise and looked out the window. Across the street a man came up the steps of one of those cellar things. He looked up and down like he was afraid—

Mr. Rednick: Objection.

The Court: Sustained. Strike out the last sentence of the witness as a conclusion of the witness.

Q: You saw the man, describe his actions.

A: He walked quickly down the street and turned the corner. My window's on the opposite corner and I could see him go down the street. He went into Jack's poolroom two blocks down.

Q: How do you know it was Jack's poolroom?

A: Because there was the poolroom sign above the place he turned off. I see that sign every day and I'd know it in the dark.

Q: What did the man look like?

A: I saw he was a colored man and kind of tall, but that's all I could see.

ROBERT PEARSON:

The ballot was ten to two for conviction.

We talked it over for half an hour and voted again. Ten to two.

Now none of that, I said. As foreman of this jury, I want to know who the guilty pair are.

I was careful to smile. It never does any good to antagonize the minority.

They owned up a little awkwardly. Jurors 2 and 12, Mr. White and Mrs. Stein.

We'll have to convince you, I said. What is it about the prosecutor's case that doesn't satisfy?

I don't think there was enough evidence, said Mr. White.

It seems to me they jumped on that boy because he was the first Negro they could get anything on, Mrs. Stein said. She was the sentimental type, very nice, but not the kind of person that should be on a jury.

We worked on them for three hours. Finally Mr. White conceded that maybe there *was* enough evidence, since we all seemed to think so. But Mrs. Stein wouldn't give up.

Did you hear the prosecutor harping on the Norshel boy's color when he testified for Conroy? she asked. It looked to me if he didn't think he'd get to first base any other way.

It was a blazing afternoon and we were all tired. The others were beginning to get annoyed, but I cut in before anyone said something that'd only make Mrs. Stein more stubborn.

Now, Mrs. Stein, I said, you know we all have the highest respect

for your fairness. But don't you think that perhaps you're letting your sympathy for the Negro race run away with you?

I don't think he had a fair trial, she said.

I didn't let her get me angry.

Mrs. Stein, I went on, I seem to recall that you testified that you were a member of some racial relations organization. Now you were the twelfth juror selected, and the prosecutor had used up all his peremptory challenges or you would have been excused. The judge refused a challenge for cause when you said you would try the case impartially. We others all testified to having no prejudice against members of the Negro race. In fact, you were the only one whose impartiality was in doubt—except the prospective jurors who were excused. Confess, I smiled,—we won't tell on you—aren't you just the least bit prejudiced *for* the defendant?

I don't think so, said Mrs. Stein.

But I knew we had her. The next vote was twelve to nothing for conviction.

WALTER GREENFIELD:

You are a disgrace to your race, I concluded.

I sentence you to death by electrocution at the legally designated place of execution of the State of New York on the twenty-sixth day of July nineteen forty-three.

KICKIE BROWN:

I saw it inna morning blatt.

NEGRO KILLER TO DIE IN
CHAIR FOR FATAL MUGGING

Oh boy, oh boy.

Watzit? Sissie asked, flippin over a card.

Nuttin.

But, Jesus, I thought, I sure am sitting pretty, when they jerk that switch. Supposin they ever find out. So what? They can't do anythin without lettin everybody know they burned Jimmie for nuttin.

DAVID CASWELL TODD:

Editorial

With the murder of John T. Lucas *Progressive Fiction* lost one of its most valued and respected editors. Two days ago a Negro boy was sentenced to die in the electric chair for that murder. Judge Greenfield, in passing sentence, declared to him: "You are a disgrace to your race."

In the name of John T. Lucas, who would have written this editorial if he could, we protest.

The conventions of a fair trial have, to be sure, been respected. But it is clear that the evidence which resulted in conviction was flimsy:

Jimmie Conroy's fingerprints were on the gun—no more. The testimony of Tommy Norshel that he was with Conroy during the evening falls just short of establishing an alibi—just short because Conroy left the room for a few minutes at about the time of the murder; but Norshel's story of how Conroy got the gun, it being thrust into his hands on the street by "Kickie" Brown, was contemptuously ignored by police and court.

The prosecutor succeeded in diverting attention from this testimony by magnifying out of all proportion Conroy's adolescent brushes with the police, rhetorical dexterity transforming his petty offenses of apple-stealing and window-breaking into major crimes of gangsterism: and by labelling "incredible" Conroy's failure to turn in the gun to the police (as if any Negro with a police record could possibly turn in a hot gun without implicating himself in whatever crime had been committed!) His calculated brutality in dragging from Conroy's girl-friend the details of their love-relationship, implying that Conroy's motive for the crime was his need of "quick cash" for a "hurry-up marriage" was shocking and his final descension to open appeal to race prejudice, e.g. his remark to the jury: "Oh, those Negroes all stick together," worse.

The police do not trouble to conceal that they have made little effort to find Kickie Brown. They were more interested in rushing through a conviction of their first catch, and clearing their books of an unsolved crime, than in introducing another complication, Brown, into the case. "It's the defendant's worry." In the simple majesty of this principle the police rest content.

Of the jury it is only necessary to point out that Negroes were excluded from it.

We believe that the judge is a sincere man. But the essence of his attitude is illustrated by the remark quoted: he would never castigate a convicted white man in terms of race.

It is our impression that Jimmie Conroy is innocent. Time is needed to extract the facts which will confirm that impression.

But he *may* be guilty. If so?

Death for Jimmie Conroy means that the victim, not the culprit, will be destroyed. The culprit is the environment that guided his life like a corridor of steel. It is not too much to say that if the murderer had not been Jimmie Conroy (supposing that it was), it would have been another product of the environmental corridor. It is useless to destroy products; we must strike at what produces them. Until we do, legal killing like that about to be applied to Jimmie Conroy is frequently no more than inaccurate revenge. Therefore, *Progressive Fiction* requests Governor Thomas Dewey to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

D.C.T.

DANIEL SOUTH:

The execution was set for tonight at eleven.

Conroy's lawyer was still trying to get the Governor's stay. I'd

ordered a direct phone line kept open to Dewey's office. *The Daily Worker* was claiming he'd been framed, as they always do whenever a Negro is convicted of a crime.

The Negro boy was quiet and taking it pretty well. At ten-thirty the Reverend told me that he always says he's innocent.

Well, what do you think?

Warden, the Reverend said, I stopped thinking about ten executions ago.

There are some pretty smooth liars, Reverend, I warned him.

What he told me wasn't smooth at all.

I looked at my wrist watch. Very little time. I have fought capital punishment all my life, I thought, and tonight, in fifteen minutes, I shall order my twenty-fourth execution. And next week my twenty-fifth. Will it ever stop? I thought, feeling a little tired.

At five of eleven I called Joe and Pete and we walked to the death house. We passed the outer guards and went down the long barred-window corridor.

Jimmie was in the special section, the fourth cell. Right ahead, about twenty yards down the blank corridor, was the execution room.

Jimmie was sitting on his iron cot with his head between his palms. He looked up as I came near and then closed his eyes and sat there waiting, his face perfectly blank.

Well, Jimmie, I said, I guess we have to go.

JIMMIE CONROY:

The sound did not die away.

Louder. Approaching feet. My heart exploded. I can't stand it. No. I can't.

I know what I'll do I'll shut my eyes and won't open till it's all over and just think Judy Judy Judy. The tall warden and the guards walked into sight. They stood outside my cell and looked in. I shut my eyes. I heard the warden say something I didn't listen.

JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY[1] JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY[2] JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY[3] JUDY JUDY[4] JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY[5] JUDY JUDY JUDY[6] JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY[7] JUDY[8] JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JUDY JU[9]

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1. The guards are taking his arms. He moves forward.
2. The raw light of the execution room warns his eyelids.
3. They have pushed him down into the metal chair.
4. They have started to strap him in.
5. The wet electrocution plate chills his leg.
6. The rigid skullcap settles.
7. The hood brushes his face.
8. Have you anything to say.
9. The executioner sees the warden nod.

ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY:

Modern Hero-Worship

Notes on Carlyle, Nietzsche, and Stefan George

If Gibbon is the historian of an age of reason, Carlyle is the historian of an age of individual enterprise which he hopes will be the precursor of of an age of heroism. Carlyle did not need a source, such as his expositors claim, in Fichte or Shelley. Such ideas as his were widely ambient. William Blake for one had spat out the ethic of perfectibility and had in an age of urbanity rediscovered the daemon of the unconscious. As a young man he had even declared that the energy which Paul called sin was good, and that the abyss which men called hell could be married to the peak which they called heaven. Blake said that Milton was of the devil's party without knowing it; and Shelley made a myth out of anti-theism by loosing Prometheus from his chains.

One of the few beliefs which the romanticists had in common was that the artist is at once a solitary and a superior person, a hero apart from the herd. On the continent no poet had more influence than Byron, hero and hero-worshipper, rebel and satanist, athlete and cripple. An introvert posing as a rake, a hypochondriac obsessed with the thought that the tree of knowledge was not that of life, a cynic who pretended to prefer the Rienzis to the Christs (as Nietzsche was to prefer Cesare Borgia and Cagliostro to Parsifal), Byron is the bad conscience of the nineteenth century. Every part of his experience is relevant. The sexual problem of romanticism, for instance, finds in him a terrible example. The sex antagonism which the moderns (Nietzsche, Strindberg, Shaw, Freud) stress has its complement in a feeling that the lover should be as nearly as possible a projection of the self. Not unconnected with the resurgence of endogamy in our time this feeling is more directly related to the incest motive, in Shelley and Wagner for instance. The innocent-seeming fact that Nietzsche's best friend and worst enemy was his sister pales beside the tremendous fact that Byron actually committed incest.

Had I to choose two men as illustrations of Carlyle's starting point they would be Byron and Herder. For if a new picture of the individual and a new vision of good and evil are essential to Carlyle's philosophy, so is the new historical and evolutionary appetite. Herder, the father of modern historicism with his clearly evolutionary outlook and his cyclical interpretation of history is, with Vico, the best single symbol of the new historical mind. Like most philosophers of history before Buckle and Marx, and like Nietzsche after them, Carlyle was above all a psychologist

though willing to accept the new concept of a group mind and the new concept of *Zeitgeist*.

A contemporary of Byron's, Carlyle felt the appeal of the romantic ruin and the noble dead. He admired grandeur more than utility, and defiance more than defense. Such admiration is a symptom of the attempt, made by most hero-worshippers, to infuse æsthetic values into history and politics, an infusion managed, of course, by sleight of hand, since the hero-worshipper often pretends to be entirely pragmatic. Essentially, however, Carlyle's philosophy of history is a reinterpretation of the romantic love of the heroic past in the light of the new evolutionism. Starting from Walter Scott's schoolboy (or schoolgirl?) love of the *preux chevalier*, Carlyle ends in *Frederick the Great* with a conception of the hero at once more mature and more forbidding. Yet he clings to the æsthetic attitude toward the hero—which is one of sheer wonder unmitigated by social considerations—and continues, in a succession of sentimental regressive fantasies, to wish himself back at St. Edmundsbury being bossed around by Abbot Samson, or at Marston Moor keeping his powder dry with Cromwell. Hero-worship in Carlyle, as later in Nietzsche, who was infatuated with the histories of his friend Burckhardt, partakes of nineteenth-century antiquarianism (cult of the Middle Ages, cult of the Renaissance, cult of antiquity) which is a projection onto the page of history, now the chief outlet for personal fantasy, of the romantic and/or neurotic yearning to return to one's own past, to the mother's apron strings if not to the mother's womb.

The nineteenth century opened with a crop of great men. Cultured Europe was awakened from her dream of peaceful perfectibility by three of them: Goethe, Beethoven, and Napoleon. After *Faust* rational man was an irrelevance, and after the Ninth Symphony Mozart seemed worlds away; and the Ninth Symphony was Wagner's point of departure. But it was Napoleon who composed the new tune and started the new rhythm, and from this time on, every intellectual who is not definitely liberal tends to some sort of hero-worship (the hero is sometimes Jesus). Carlyle is the anti-liberal and hero-worshipper *par excellence* of this first generation of modern men. It was with some justice that a French critic could write in 1850: *"Le culte des héros n'est pas autre chose que le résumé de toutes les doctrines contemporaines sur les grands hommes, résumé entrepris pour démolir ces doctrines et les transformer en les ennoblissant."* But perhaps *ennoblissant* is not the best word.

II

Carlyle's *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic* outlines the principles of what we may call Heroic Vitalism as they would later be found in Nietzsche, in Stefan George, and, to a lesser extent, in D. H. Lawrence, Oswald Spengler, and a host of minor anti-democrats. Eight ideas are the core of this atrocious but startling book. First, the world cannot be understood through the old creeds and philosophies; it *can* be understood through

history intuitively interpreted. Second, history is an organic growth (symbolized by the tree Igdrasil) which conveniently arranges itself in epochs and repeats itself in cycles. Third, society is also organic; the organism, subsumed under such heads as History and Society, is life itself; "organic," "vital," and "dynamic" are the magic words of heroic romanticism. Fourth, organisms die, and periodically there is a catastrophe followed by a fresh start; this rhythm is not analyzed sociologically but invoked superstitiously; Carlyle forestalls Wagner and D. H. Lawrence by appealing to the symbolism of Götterdämmerung and Phoenix. Fifth, the core of a man's feeling (unless he accept death and cease to be a man) must be the affirmation of the life process; in this cruel process, courage is worth more than love; the human ideal, therefore, is not saintliness but nobility. Sixth, the hero—that is, the man of courage and nobility—is, Carlyle tells us, "sincere and does his duty," that is, he acts intuitively without the interference of mechanical philosophies and restrictive codes; he coöperates with the "real tendencies of the world" and so becomes an instrument of history. Seventh, the hero faces facts boldly and acts boldly; he therefore prefers intuition to reflection, faith to philosophy, ardor to detachment, reverence to urbanity, temerity to caution, speed to the suspension of judgment. Eighth, the hero's function is dual. He is a pattern for others to imitate and he is also a creator through whom alone history moves forward and life is justified. History is therefore the biographies of great men. The hero is life in all its potentialities. He becomes poet, prelate, king, or god according to circumstances.

III

The roots of Carlyle's doctrine are social and historical, and the doctrine must not therefore be dismissed by psycho-analytic criticism which finds only biographical significance in an essentially social ideology. Yet, once this proviso is made, we are entitled to examine the biographical means by which the doctrine came to full consciousness. The following factors might form a basis for such an examination: the tradition of hard blows and frontier justice in Carlyle's native Annandale; the Calvinist doctrine of the Elect and the Calvinist belief in theocratic government which Carlyle acquired from his parents; his awkward family position as the eldest son of a mother who was jealous of an older son off her husband—the mother jealously guarded Carlyle's prestige, while the father was a benevolent despot: Carlyle, grown up, was always lonely always yearning back to the paternal despotism: in London his chronic loneliness was exacerbated by his cultural provinciality—hence his hostility to his age; failure (professional, material, sexual) and ill health embittered him and added to the sharp agony of his homelessness: his ambition was frustrated in its digestive and, probably, in its sexual functions; the death in 1832 of his father and, later in the same year, of his spiritual father, Goethe—his heroes are father-surrogates, and the theory of hero-worship is chiefly worked out between 1832 and 1840; the

adulation he received from the polite world, coming too early to leave him unaffected, too late radically to change his philosophy—he became a self-conscious sage whose saws were destined to adorn bourgeois mantlepieces.

IV

Happiness and greatness, says Spengler, are incompatible, and, to be sure, the ideal of greatness has been preached by those who have failed to find happiness. In the end, according to Friedrich Nietzsche, a man does not seek happiness, he loves only his child and his work. Since Nietzsche's only child *was* his work, his affections were focused upon one point; such a concentration of interest makes for good writing, but it is more than the human organism can stand. More and more of his later years, Nietzsche felt himself to be "a destiny," not a man but a symbol, not a teacher but a portent. He tried to identify himself completely with his message. The Christian epoch was disintegrating and a new and savage epoch would take its place; therefore he would enact the tragedy of his age in his own life. He would disintegrate but he would preach a gospel. He would be a Dionysos torn to pieces that there might be more abundant life.

Like Carlyle, Nietzsche was homeless. "From first to last," says his sister, "we find the sense of loneliness, of having no home, of being strongly drawn toward nature; a peculiar musical and lyrical mood, a yearning for sympathetic friends, a painful sense of being cut off from all that men are wont to take delight in, to love, desire, reverence and fear." In the 'eighties the spectre of madness drew nearer with every year that passed. His despair after the Lou Salome affair made Nietzsche, to use his own words, a "semi-distracted lunatic," a "victim of megalomania and wounded vanity." His relations with his mother and sister were strained, and Nietzsche probably realized that they had shaped his affective life until he was unable to adjust himself to other women. During this period of tension his mother was tactless enough to call Nietzsche an insult to his father's memory. Nietzsche was deeply wounded. Had not his father died too early, leaving his son a prey to women and to feminine ideals and having no male vicegerent except a visionary hero? Nietzsche resolved to receive no more family letters, but, lacking the necessary hardness of heart, broke his promise. In the first two days of his last disastrous malady, however, inhibitions disappeared, and his terrible, pent-up hatred of his mother passed the censor. This was Nietzsche's last rebellion against the piety of Naumberg, against the fatherless home, against omnivorous motherhood and the eternal feminine.

Against the ruins of himself, Nietzsche shored up the ruins of a public destiny. Every six years, he wrote in the middle 'eighties, his life took a step forward, though now, he added, it was crumbling before his eyes. 1870, 1876, 1882—these had been the years of renewal. A final stage was to be expected in 1888. From 1870 dated his hopes in the reform of educational institutions, in a new palace of art, and in Richard Wagner. From 1876 dated his faith in the independent, positivistic intellectual. By

1882 he took a decisive step away from historical actuality to the shadowy superman. The step he took in 1888 led to the asylum.

The final step had been fully prepared. As early as 1883, Nietzsche deliberately removed himself from men, characterizing his attitude as *Menschenscheu.* If, as Marx phrased it, a man is the sum of his social relations, Nietzsche was trying not to be a man. He kept himself alive not by personal relations but by a sense of destiny. He was, he thought, a natural force, like the lightning of Zarathustra. An essentially chiliastic imagination reinforced his vision of disaster followed by rebirth. In 1887 he wrote: "In me a catastrophe is preparing." Late in 1888 he resolved to inaugurate the millenium. A memorandum to be sent to all European courts was worked out. Nietzsche wrote to Strindberg: "I have summoned a council of princes to Rome. I will have the young kaiser shot." To his friend Peter Gast he announced: "The world is redeemed and all the heavens rejoice."

After this high talk, the words of the Turin doctor who examined Nietzsche are sadly prosaic: "Maintains that he is a famous man and asks for women all the time." Nietzsche was a prey to syphilitic paralysis. In his insanity he sometimes thought he was Dionysos, sometimes he was Christ. The final choice between the two had even yet not been made: masculine and feminine were still at war even after darkness had fallen upon his intellect. The fact seems to offer proof of Nietzsche's proto-Freudian theory that a man's conscious thoughts are merely a fantastic commentary on his unconscious conflicts.

A born artist and prophet, Nietzsche was not allowed to live his life. Society provided no man to father him, no fame to flatter him. A thwarted Samson, he brought down the building on his own head; but others, he gave assurance, would not escape the consequences of living in the modern world. In a witty mood Nietzsche once said that he would rather be a Basel professor than God, and we may add that he would rather have won a woman's love and submitted to a woman's care than have sought out the secrets of heroic power and the mastery of the world. But turning in disgust, first from modern man, then from the elite, turning from leaders and friends and admirers, turning from mother and sister and sweetheart, turning from his home and his profession, in the end, Nietzsche found no chair empty but that of the dispossessed deity, in which a man sits at his peril.

V

Also Sprach Zarathustra is meant to make you yearn for the superman. But what does this mean? You are to wish yourself into the seat of worldly power, into the main stream of history, but on the other hand, according to the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence, you are to wish yourself out of this world altogether, into the seat of mystical bliss. You are to be Buddha and Cesare Borgia at the same time, a task which would be too much even for Gerald Heard. Here lies the chief contradiction in

Nietzsche's thought and personality, and it resembles Carlyle's ambivalence. If Nietzsche is Zarathustra, then Part Four of his book means that nobody but Nietzsche can work towards superhumanity: and a solitary individual cannot procreate. The superman is Nietzsche's dream-child. *Also Sprach Zarathustra,* the most subjective of Nietzsche's works, is his most spectacular attempt to resolve the discord in his mind, to unite masculine and feminine, history and religion, Heroic Vitalism and mysticism. In Nietzsche's refusal to admit that to be hyper-mystical and hyper-mundane is to try to move in two directions at once is a hint of his failure to define the role of thought (his own, for example) in history. It will be said that Nietzsche emphatically maintained that the thinker, the creator of values, is the ruler of the world. This is true. But Nietzsche was also a worshipper of the brute man of action, and he never explained the position of the creative philosopher *vis à vis* Cæsar. Had Nietzsche taken over Carlyle's unsubstantiated belief that great men are great in any direction in which the wind blows? Carlyle sometimes said the writer was the director of men's destinies; at other times he attributes all to Cæsar. Nietzsche was equally undecided, and not till Spengler did Heroic Vitalism, in a fit of self-abnegation, announce that the sword was definitely mightier than the pen. Zarathustra praises cruelty, struggle, and worldliness, all as a prelude to a prayer-meeting with his animals.

In Nietzsche criticism, there have been two traditions. The one, consisting of German militarists and anti-German journalists, sees only the masculine Nietzsche, in whom the German militarist rejoices and against whom anti-German critics inveigh. The other, consisting of generous, all-too-generous souls, sees only the feminine Nietzsche, the pathetic invalid who sought a purely personal, purely spiritual, and entirely harmless freedom. *Also Sprach Zarathustra* is Nietzsche's greatest work; the stresses and strains set up in it are the greatest, because it is his most serious attempt, as I have said, to unite the dark hero and the fair goddess. "I know both sides," he wrote later, "because I am both sides." It is important not to overlook either side, for to do so is to overlook the struggle for impossible union which is Nietzsche's life, the life of his will, his heart, and his intellect, the life of a private individual seeking happiness and a public destiny seeking fulfillment.

VI

One must distinguish between the published and unpublished works of Nietzsche. The distinction is not factitious. The published works were campaigns in a war against the age, campaigns in which Nietzsche would use any weapon, mystical or Heroic Vitalist, in his struggle against the old ideas, radical or reactionary. The published works were propaganda designed to make enemies and influence people: the most systematic of Nietzsche's published works, *Zur Genealogie der Moral,* is subtitled A Polemic. Now, one of the chief devices of war is camouflage, and in this department Nietzsche was so far a master that the kind of people he

despised, such as superficial critics, were taken in. Where the soldier speaks of erecting camouflage, Nietzsche speaks of a Foreground which conceals the more significant Background from vulgar eyes. Or, Nietzsche adds, a writer may be said to wear a mask, since his face must not be seen by the uninitiated. Here is a characteristic statement of Nietzsche's not to be found in his polemics: "We take our accidental positions (compare Gœthe and Stendhal) as Foreground and underscore them so that we deceive concerning our Backgrounds . . . All strength is devoted to the development of strength of will, an art which allows us to wear masks."

Ever ready to regard himself as a duality, Nietzsche was particularly fond of regarding himself as a face covered by a mask or a background obscured by a foreground. Interpretation enters into the discussion as soon as one tries to say which is face and which is mask. Hence the chaos of Nietzsche criticism. The implications of Germanophobe criticism is that Nietsche's religiousness is mask, his militarism the hidden reality. Just the contrary is asserted by gentler commentators, such as the philosopher's sister, who cites too naively Nietzsche's self-analysis:

> Dass sein Glueck uns nicht bedruecke
> Legt er um sich Teufelsstuecke
> Teufelswitz und Teufelskleid.
> Doch umsonst! Aus seinem Blicke
> Blickt hervor die Heiligkeit.*

But the dichotomy of mask and face should not be confused with the dichotomy, already mentioned, of masculine and feminine. The mask was a conscious device, the struggle of masculine and feminine seldom conscious at all. It was not because his message was soft or hard that Nietzsche wore a mask, but because it was too early (he said he was one of those who are born posthumously) and because it was not intended for the vulgar:

> Wer sich einst zu verkuenden hat,
> Schweigt viel in sich hinein.
> Wer einst den Blitz zu zuenden hat,
> Muss lange—Wolke sein!†

The tendency of the creator of new values to hide behind the mask of parable is familiar.

Zarathustra was a simple mask for Nietzsche himself. Dionysos was not so easy a proposition: this mask was more like a shirt of Nessus. The last mask that Nietzsche tried on was that of Jesus Christ, but by this time the face behind the mask was glazed with insanity. But these are only the most obvious of Nietzsche's masks. When, in his early campaigns, he sheltered behind the name of Wagner, the great musician was just as much a mask as Zarathrustra. In fact, Wagner soon began to feel he was a stalking horse under cover of which Nietzsche was shooting some very strange barbs, and since Nietzsche could never understand why Wagner

* So that his happiness should not vex us, he assumes the devil's parts, the devil's wit, and devil's clothing. But in vain! In his look, holiness peeps out.
† Whoever is one day to announce himself, keeps much to himself. Whoever is one day to make the lightning flash must for a long time—be a cloud!

should not enjoy being a stalking horse, estrangement followed. Schopenhauer was another mask, and Nietzsche's strategy is explained by a remark in *Ecce Homo:* "Schopenhauer and Wagner or, in a word, Nietzsche."

In his published works Nietzsche wore a mask which only the discerning could pierce. It is only possible to see him without it in the various collections of posthumously published notes which comprise Volumes IX to XVI of the collected edition and of which *Der Wille zur Macht* is the only well-known extract. These notes not only provide more direct statements of Nietzsche's philosophy, but enable us to discredit the division of his career into three philosophies (involving two volte-faces) and to establish continuity and even consistency—if it is consistent to stick to a contradiction—throughout his life.

Nietzsche wished to create a band of destroyers, seekers, good Europeans, free spirits, and when he spoke in their name he was using them as his rallying-cry, his banner, his mask. He wore first the mask of Wagner, but the new era did not arrive. The mask was changed for that of the Free Spirit not because Nietzsche had changed his philosophy but because he had chosen another group of men to work with. He changed only his vantage point.

But no headway was made. Like Zarathustra, Nietzsche found none of his comrades adequate, and in the end bequeathed his philosophy as a free gift to those who should come after. He wore no mask in *Der Wille zur Macht* because the notes of which it is made up were never prepared for publication. Moreover, after *Goetzendaemmerung* (1888) in which Nietzsche wore the mask of the iconoclast and diabolist, there was no mask left to wear. No one heeded the rallying cry, and Nietzsche's situation is correctly described by Stefan George:

> Du hast das naechste in dir selbst getoetet
> Um neu begehrend dann ihm nachzuzittern
> Und aufzuschrein im schmerz der einsamkeit.‡

It is fitting that we possess Nietzsche's final utterances in the naked, succinct form of *Der Wille zur Macht.* He flung them upon barren ground and nobody noticed that they were dragon's teeth.

VII

Nietzsche's striving after the neo-Hellenistic, post-Darwinian hero is the chief mark of all his endeavor. With the Prussians he stresses strength and Machiavellianism, with Winckelmann and Gœthe he stresses classic beauty. His ethics, even when only his masculine and heroic side is operative, are not simple, and only a literary critic with a considerable grasp of the nature of rhetoric and irony can fathom him. One must say of him, as of most people with a sharp tongue, it's hard to know when he is serious. For, though a great writer always means what he says, it

‡ Within yourself you have killed what is nearest to you, only. desiring it again later, to tremble after it and to cry out in the pain of loneliness.

is not always clear just what he is saying. I shall try to adumbrate the main features of Nietzsche's theory of heroism.

It is not immoralism in the sense of a simple inversion of traditional morals. In Malory's *Morte Darthur,* Nietzsche would not approve the really "bad" knight, Sir Breuse sans Pité, who is a coward and a fool; nor, it is true, would he approve the virgin Galahad, the medieval ideal. But Lancelot, sanctioned by the worldly mores of medieval custom if not by ecclesiastical rule is Nietzschean enough, being handsome, gallant, capable, and outside current morality. When Nietzsche praises rogues such as Cagliostro, he does so *pour épater le bourgeois,* and as if to say: At least Cagliostro is more alive than the Good and the Just. An unpublished note written as early as 1870 illustrates Nietzsche's attitude:

> I would like nothing better than to meet a man . . . a being of angry greatness, with the bravest eye and the keenest will; at once, warrior, poet, and philosopher; one whom you could imagine striding over serpents and monsters. The hero of the future will be a man of tragic awareness. The light of Grecian joyousness will be on his brow, the glory with which the rebirth of antiquity—hitherto lingering—will be inaugurated, the rebirth in Germany of the Hellenic world.

All this, except for the hero's *angry* greatness is pure Hœlderlin, and could now be called pure Stefan George. And this German Messianic Hope is, I believe, Nietzsche's most deeply rooted political idea. His subsequent diatribes against Germany prove nothing but his bitterness at the fact that many Germans are too liberal and pacifist for him, and such diatribes are a standard item in all German reactionary writings not excluding *Mein Kampf.* As to Nietzsche's "good Europeans," they are not precursors of Viscount Cecil of Chelwood. Nietzsche's united Europe can only be united through the domination of the most powerful, and no other candidate but Germany is for Nietzsche possible.

One can distinguish two sets of Nietzschean great men who share the creation of a new era. First there are the Free Spirits of his own day, homeless ones, iconoclasts who will destroy the old and preach the new. Next, there are those who will inherit the Heraklitean continent after the age of great wars and great politics, viz. the twentieth century. Carlyle has said much the same thing; and so would D. H. Lawrence at the close of his *Movements in European History.* What will the Cæsars of the future be like? Nietzsche's last works are strewn with suggestions, all of them vague and impressionistic. In a sentence one might say: The ruler of the future is a strong man who can face with equanimity the slaughter of millions of the inferior because he is beyond good and evil, an æronaut of intellect and a capitalist of power.

VIII

The same social and psychological forces were at work in the George Circle as in Carlyle and Nietzsche. George is characterized by the same ambivalence—that is, just like Carlyle and Nietzsche, he has a Nazi side and a liberal side, and thus becomes a subject of endless partisan contro-

versy. George's poem *Nietzsche* indicates the way in which he wished to lead Nietzsche's teachings—toward his New Love doctrine:

> Der kam zu spaet der flehend zu dir sagte:
> Dort ist kein weg mehr ueber eisige felsen
> Und horste grauser voegel—nun ist not:
> Sich bannen in den kreis den liebe schliesst . . .*

On the one hand, George transferred the Nietzschean philosophy to the spiritual plane, and the tone of George Circle writings is much more lofty and remote from worldly affairs. On the other hand it is the boast of Georgeans that George put into effect what Nietzsche merely thought. For George actually brought together such a group of believers in Heroic Vitalism as Nietzsche had often dreamt of, and the superman, which was never more than a glimmer for Nietzsche, was for the Kreis incarnate in Maximilian Kronberger. Furthermore, George wrote specifically of the heroic rebirth of Germany after the First World War. In *Der Krieg* (1917) he praised Hindenburg who, he said, had saved from destruction what the parliamentary prattlers had disgraced, namely, the Reich. In *Der Dichter in Zeiten der Wirren,* George sees a new Reich arising from the deeds of a hero who marches under a folkish ("voelkisch") banner:

> He bursts the chains, refurbishes order on the ruins, whips the degenerates home to eternal justice where greatness is greatness once more, master once more master, breeding. He fastens the true symbol on the folkish banner. Through storm and terrible signals of dawn he leads the troops of his followers to the task of the bright day and plants the new Reich.

The pattern of the George movement is sinister, for is not George a sort of literary Hitler, with Nietzsche as his Stewart Chamberlain, Kronberger as his Horst Wessel, Gundolf as his Goebbels, and Ernst Morwitz, now in America, as his Hess? The George movement certainly bears witness to "the modern failure of nerve" and is one of the many cultured groups in the past years which have developed reactionary tendencies at a time when reaction threatens their very existence. There is an instructive parallel also between the careers of George and W. B. Yeats. Both began as æsthetes, both were interested in the occult, both yearned after past ages and consequently after aristocratic friends, both discarded their singing robes for the nakedness of their latest poems which are the most powerful of our time, poems which express a philosophy of courage, austere, noble, anti-democratic, and somewhat perverse.

IX

What is Heroic Vitalism? Its roots are in despair and epistemological skepticism; therefore it despises traditional metaphysics. But it respects the fact and the master of fact, and thereby surpasses pessimism. Its roots are in evolutionism and therefore it is unsympathetic to the stasis of eighteenth-century thought. But it is less a science of biology than a re-

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* He came too late who imploring said to you [Nietzsche]: there is no road any more over icy crags and eyries of terrible birds—now it is necessary to confine oneself in the circle closed by love . . ."

ligion of metabiology, a religion of life and energy. Its roots are in the Greek conception of society as a hierarchy. But it announces an end to ideals and seeks to conclude the distressing enmity of power and wisdom by locating wisdom precisely in the seizure and exercise of power.

The philosophy of Heroism in its modern form has its origin in the literary and academic mind, which, however it may pretend to practicality, regards itself as *spectator ab extra:* even Nietzsche's tragic participation in the process was a solitary one.

The strength of Heroism is that it releases pent-up energies, and that it embodies sentiments which the old liberalism ignored, sentiments of social cohesion of which hero-worship is the positive pole and persecution the negative. The emphasis on sentiment, will, energy, emotion, in a word, psychology, has led to such an indifference to rational consistency that all but sheer opportunists must protest.

The revival of hero-worship in the modern industrial epoch is but one symptom of the failure of plutocracy to satisfy the heart of man, and unless the rational and fruitful element in it can be assimilated by a more rational and fruitful philosophy than fascism, Heroic Vitalism will go down in history as no more than a portion of European nihilism, a mere segment of the great shadow which the machine age cast over the mind of the artist.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD:

Delight

In the secret place of the heart
What is it my heart most cherishes?
What image, what toto in dream, what token held in tight fingers?
O, one from sweet everyday, whereon I dart
Like a child, whereon no joy perishes,
Wherein no fatal bitterness lingers:

My tall man walking the meadow at night, with the lantern,
A solemn sleepy procession, he and I to the cabin,
Both silent, I at his heels, to return
In morning dew, in first sunrays, with the dark lantern.

And if I were Ariel come home from toils and circling errands
I could laugh no more sweetly than when I inwardly see it,
My delight a trembling frame to this Attic picture.

Stern world, one rollicking image, for around this happy thing
Forever I turn in light handsprings of the spirit.

ALFRED KREYMBORG:

A Dance or a Dirge

There's much to be said
about women
in flats across the way
who go from a dish
to the sink the faucet
the towel the closet and then
to a dish and the sink again.

There's much to be said
about husbands
for whom their wives
go from a dish to
the sink the faucet the
towel the closet and then
a dish to the sink again.

Look through a kitchen
window, a puppet pane,
there's a Juliet or Judy
who loves or loathes
this going from dish to
sink faucet towel closet and then
dish to the sink again.

The tune and time of the
dance or dirge
is a man,
a man and a
woman together,
drawn by an old machine
that gives men enough
or not quite enough
or nothing at all
to keep their women,
going from dish to
sink faucet towel closet
and then to the sink again,
happy, Happy, HappY!

OSCAR WILLIAMS:

Man and View

I was lying on the grassy ground on a sunny day
In September during a year of the great war.
I lay on one side, a pillow under my head, left eye
Open, right eye closed against a too bright sun.

In front grew a bush dotted with semi-precious berries,
A broken up graph of black twig-lines against bluest day,
A grille of wroughtiron branches fencing out the sky.
Leaves lay about arrayed in a most wanton green,
And some, opaque, were sulkily retreating into orange
Climbing dizzily like finalities escaping into nothingness.
I was there, massive Gulliver face at the small window
Framed in part pillow and part the flesh of the nose,
Getting a grasshopper's view of the heavens on the earth
Using the excessive, the expensive toy of the human eye.

How the mind had become translated into a landscape
I could not see, but the magic of grandeur washed at
The roots in me, I swayed like a flower pot at sea.
Every little change the wind made, and he kept changing,
Improved things without adding to the perfection.
The Elsewhere, partly overhead, was enthusiastic and kept
Adding birdsound without the bird posing to the eye
And the feel of the magnificent morning to the skin.
Delicately the berries burned their lights on which
The mind sat easily as birdfeet upon live twigs
From which the mind flew on its own whirrless wings
To shady sidings of leaves loaded with wafers of sun.
Was it far off I saw tiny trees wrapped in perspective,
The roof of a diminutive barn, a large pigmy mountain,
A field reduced to a curve, the toyshop distance?—
Reality rolled up small and golden like spiritual light.

Back in the house the fag ends of quarrels were strewn
About in the rooms, the news was rotting on the front
Doorstep, the war had entered the stage of a habit.
But not six feet away I had reached the window
Of the safe country, the wall of my forehead vanished,
Rolled up like a shade, and there out in the open time
I lay transfixed, my mind all grass trees wind sun sky.

The Dawn of Always

The young face of the late day,
The sun a spangle in its eye,
Stares, blue sky through a veil of twigs,
Seeing how the old add wine to their blood.

A bush of pores, the tree breathes,
Emitting leopard's spots and slim birds,
With contrivances for clouds about.
Time gets old, old, but not the mind.

The mountain is dark and brown and spreads,
The sand, poured out, races the sea,
The edifice leans, wounded with windows.
But the late day wears a young face,

Blessed with eyes, gifted with hands.
History is powdered to a breeze,
Nothing is left but the fragrance,
Nothing but the sense of beginnings.

I hear the limbs of the past are big.
Importance is a frightening thing.
If the birds knew they wouldn't sing,
They sing, and the coming of today's day

In stars is signaled, winkings in the face
Of light's blizzard where the air lies
In mountains brushed by our eyelashes.
The heart is a snowflake on the cheek of space.

The old things lie the worst, their say
Deafens from tulips' crazed trumpets—
Their great guns cough blood on the land,
But Gabriel's horn blows in the veins

The paean of the dawn of always at the
Pitch of now, and is of the bone of birth.
The rooster crows forever upon the earth
The sound of dreams widening into day.

DAVID CORNEL DE JONG:

Movie

Oh my, how we marveled at
that felon; how he massacred her
and rolled her eyes like dice
on the pretty mosaic stoop,
and insulted her otherwise!

Mad, how we hugged our knees,
and spat and cackled, as if
there was no violent gale
ripping at our ricrac lentels,
and legions of rats on our trail.

In the end we filed out,
wearing our smooth masks only
a little askew. And incognito
to our yearnings, scampered back
to forget what we almost came to know.

Remember, No Matter Where You Are You Have a Mother

Text for sermons: 1943

Handcuffed to my mother, I peeled an orange,
and we rode to town on a sled, brown sweater on
and a heart with arrow on our backs, someone
was coach, teaching us the passes, and swacked crowds
made ado with the banners and raised the rafters.

Had a pint on the house when the cheers marked
us a tricky pair of victors; the mayor, too, fluffing
out his daughter, pimpled with pride and had a look.
Soon we staked out among the bonded gentry who
put their welcomemats out because we were so wholesome.

Just the same, thanks, and for all the remembering,
a hatfull of shrimps, eh ma! That's all, because she
had a trauma, and how I died was a caution: a mix-up
of flies and bones, but the mayor's daughter was there
without skirts now that it was all right by the world.